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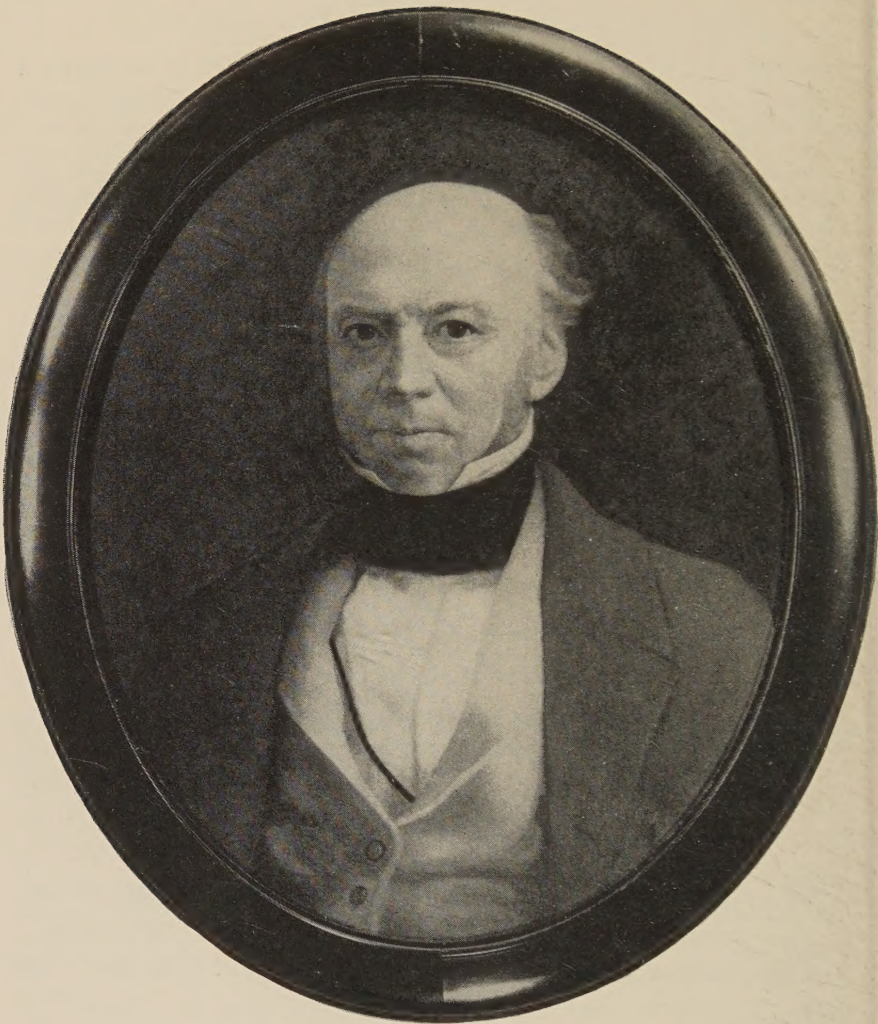

JAMES CLEWS (d. 1856)

Senior member of James and Ralph Clews, Staffordshire potters
Portrait by unidentified English artist, *c.* 1850

Courtesy of Mr. John E. Parsons

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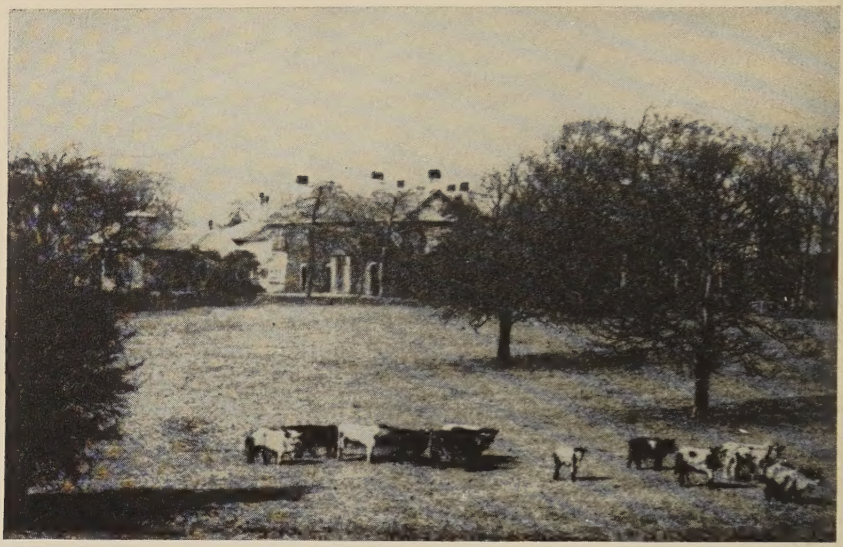
DR. SYNTAX & COMPANY

THE "LITERARY SERIES" ON OLD BLUE CHINA

by ARTHUR H. MERRITT, D.D.S., D.SC., LL.D., L.H.D.

AMONG the English potters engaged in the making of tableware for the early 19th-century American market, James and Ralph Clews differed from all others in adding to the varieties decorated with American views three so-called "literary series" bearing the titles of "Dr. Syntax," "Wilkie" and "Don Quixote." While these lacked the specific interest of American historical and scenic views, their attractiveness and story appeal won them a widespread popularity on this side of the Atlantic. So, with other Old Blue China, they constitute a significant class of true Americana.

Their makers, the brothers James and Ralph Clews, are said to have operated a Staffordshire pottery as early as 1814, but it was not until 1818 or '19, when they bought out the Andrew Stevenson pottery at Cobridge, that they began to concentrate upon the typical blue transferware which we know as Old Blue



"THE LEASOWS," HILDERSTONE, STAFFORDSHIRE
Residence of James Clews at least as early as 1834 and until his death
Photo, courtesy of Mr. John E. Parsons

China. Thereafter, prodigious quantities of this ware in great variety of subject and form came from their pottery. The "literary series" were presumably inaugurated in the early 1820s at the height of current interest in their subject matter, when Wilkie's views had been circulating for some years as separate engravings and when Smirke's illustrated edition of *Don Quixote* (1818) and the final volumes of *Dr. Syntax* (1820 and '21) had made their initial impress on the public. That the Clewses were eminently successful in their enterprise may be deduced from the fact that they were able to retire by 1835 or '36, disposing of their pottery to Wood & Brown. James did, however, attempt to continue exploitation of the American market by establishing a pottery in 1836 at Troy, Indiana. The failure of this venture through lack of top-grade clay and trained craftsmen seems not to have depleted James's means greatly, for he continued to occupy his impressive country seat, "The Leasows," at Hilderstone, Staffordshire, pictured above. There his son Henry (1834–

1923), who would come to New York at mid-century and forge a notable career as financier, was born, and there James died in 1856.

Since the collection of which the "literary series" are a part will ultimately find a permanent home in The New-York Historical Society, some examples of them, with their stories, may prove to be interesting and informative to later generations.

THE DR. SYNTAX SERIES

The Syntax story was written by William Combe (1741–1823), a prolific pamphleteer and poet, "rich in imagination," who spent most of his adult life in an English debtors' prison. His most famous publications were the three *Tours of Dr. Syntax.*

An imaginary character, Syntax is represented as a clergyman of limited financial resources, possessed of the idea that he should visit the "lake country," making sketches of what appealed to him, and having done so, write an account of his adventures. This and his subsequent *Tours* were published in three volumes, totaling 795 pages, bearing the following titles: *The Tour of Dr. Syntax, In Search of the Picturesque* (1812), first published serially in Ackermann's *Pictorial Magazine* (1809–11) as "The Schoolmaster's Tour"; *The Second Tour of Dr. Syntax, In Search of Consolation* (1820); and *The Third Tour of Dr. Syntax, In Search of a Wife* (1821). Such was their popularity that the first *Tour* had attained a fifth edition within a year and a seventh by 1817, not to speak of plagiarisms, and that it and its sequels were reprinted many times during the remaining 19th and early 20th centuries.

This continuing popularity was in no small measure due to their eighty illustrations by the renowned English caricaturist Thomas Rowlandson (1756–1827). Indeed, Rowlandson's Syntax subjects (which were as much occasions for, as illustrations of, Combe's rather doggerel narrative—the one having preceded

the other much as the egg precedes the hen) were the most popular of all that artist's works. The Clewses' Syntax transfers were all copies from Rowlandson's engravings.

The following examples are from the author's collection of Anglo-American Historical Staffordshire. The quotations following each example are from Combe's narrative.

Dr. Syntax Setting Out on His Tour to the Lakes (vegetable dish)

At length the ling'ring moment came
That gave the dawn of wealth and fame.
Incurious *Ralph*, exact at four,
Led Grizzle, saddled, to the door;
And soon, with more than common state,
The Doctor stood before the gate.
Behind him was his faithful wife;—
"One more embrace, my dearest life!"
Then his grey palfrey he bestrode,
And gave a nod and off he rode.

Dr. Syntax Amused with Pat in the Pond (platter)

Some noise, he knew not wherefore, broke
Upon his rest, and straight he woke;—
When, as he listen'd, it appear'd
That he Pat's noisy language heard. . . .
He op'd the casement and look'd out
To see what Patrick was about. . . .
"Faith Sir," said he, "they did so creep
About me that I could not sleep. . . .
I brush'd them off, but all in vain,
By thousands they return'd again;
So I came in the pond to dash
And gave the creatures such a wash
That if they wished to live and breathe
They would no longer stay beneath."

Dr. Syntax Disputing His Bill with the Landlady (plate)

[*Syntax:*] "Good woman, here, your bill retake,
And prithee some abatement make . . .
[*Hostess:*] "The charges are all fairly made;

If you will eat, I must be paid. . . .
Besides, I took you in at night,
Half-dead with hunger and affright,
Just 'scap'd from robbers." [*Syntax:*] "That's most true,
And now I'm to be robb'd by you."
[*Hostess:*] Sir, you mistake; and did not I
Disdain rude words, I'd say you lie.
I took you in last night, I say."—
[*Syntax:*] "'Tis true;—and if this bill I pay
You'll *take me in* again to-day. . . .
Why, one pound three (the truth I speak)
Would keep my household for a week! . . ."
[*Hostess:*] "If that's your living, on my life,
You starve your servants and your wife."
[*Syntax:*] "I wish my wife were here to meet you,
In your own fashion she would greet you:
With looks as fierce, and voice as shrill,
She'd make you, mistress, change your bill. . . .
So, if you'll take one-half th'amount,
We'll quickly settle the account. . . ."
[*Hostess:*] ". . . [How] well you know, where'er you roam,
That Charity begins at home."

Dr. Syntax Mistakes a Gentleman's House for an Inn (plate)

Thus Syntax ate and drank his fill,
Regardless of the morrow's bill;
He rang the bell, and call'd the waiters
To rid him of his shoes and gaiters.
"Go tell the maid to show the bed

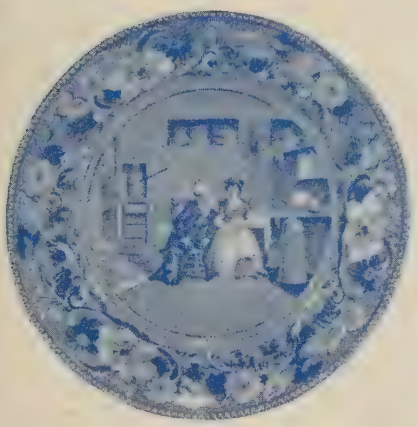
Where I may lay my aching head;
Here, take my wig and bring a cap;
My eye-lids languish for a nap. . . ."
Though mirth prevail'd the house throughout, . . .
He heard it not, nor did he know
The merriment he caus'd below;
For with fatigue and wine oppress'd,
He grunted, groan'd, and went to rest.

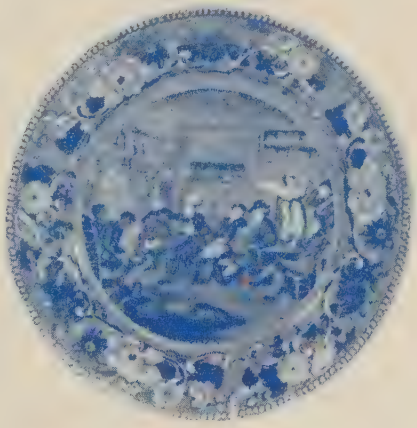
Dr. Syntax with the Dairy Maid (plate)

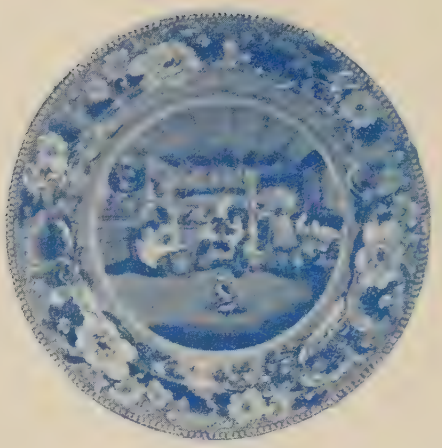
But he found something better there:
A village damsel young and fair
Attracted his admiring eye;
Who, as he enter'd, heaved a sigh. . . .
"Come here, sweet girl," he softly said;
"Tell me your cares—nor be afraid:
Come here, and seat you by my side;
You'll find in me a friendly guide. . . .
For well I know the pangs they prove
Who grieve for unrequited love."
The list'ning mother, who had heard
Love talk'd of, kindled at the word;
And rushing in, express'd her rage:
"For shame! for shame! . . ."

Dr. Syntax Reading His Tour (plate)

But, as he read, though full of grace,
Though strong expression mark'd his face,
Though his feet struck the sounding floor,







And his voice thunder'd through the door,
Each hearer, as th' infection crept
O'er the numb'd sense, unconscious slept! . . .
All slept at length but *Tom* and *Sue*,
For they had something else to do.
Syntax heard naught; the enraptur'd elf
Saw and heard nothing but himself:
But, when a swineherd's bugle sounded,
The Doctor then, amaz'd—confounded,
Beheld the death-like scene about him;
And, thinking it was form'd to flout him,
He frown'd disdain—then struck his head,
Caught up a light, and rush'd to bed.

Dr. Syntax Turned Nurse (plate)

"I here," he said, "see children four;
Pray, Goody, have you any more?"
"Not yet, Sir, but, as I'm their mother,
I hope in time to give another;
Which I, it seems, begin to show,
As all who use their eyes may know."
"Well my good woman," Syntax said,
"I see one great command obey'd;
With that you piously comply:—
I mean— INCREASE AND MULTIPLY."
—Himself and the good dame to please,
He took the children on his knees;
Then danc'd the urchins too and fro,
And sung as nurses often do.

Dr. Syntax Painting a Portrait (plate)

He waved his pencil, form'd the line
That shapes the human face divine,
Gave all the features their due places,
And hop'd to finish with the graces.
Puffing and painting, on he went,
Sometimes displeas'd, sometimes content,
Until it was too plainly seen,
One eye was blue, the other green;
Whereas, on a correct survey,
Her Ladyship's bright eyes were grey.

A Noble Hunting Party (platter)

Three days were past, and not a void
Was known in pleasure unemploy'd:
Luxurious plenty crowned the board,
And reason was the sov'reign lord
That did the splendid scene controul;—
Whether it were the flow of soul,
Or fancy's sport, or active play,

Time pass'd delightfully away. . . .
—Among the rest, the jovial chace
Was a known pleasure of the place,
And he by his kind Lady friend
Was warmly summoned to attend
As her Equerry in the field:
To her commands most proud to yield,
He there appear'd, in sprightly glee,
Be-capp'd in due conformity;
For, to give him a sportsman's air,
Some fair hand did cap prepare.
He canter'd by my Lady's side
Who undertook to be his guide. . . .

The Death of Punch (tray of gravy tureen, opposite)

Pat came to orders—op'd the door
And said, "poor Punch, Sir, is no more.
How oft have I the mare bestrode,
In field, through woods, and on the road!
Poor thing! she knew my voice as well
As the flock knows its leader's bell.
I've brush'd her grey skin o'er and o'er,
But I shall rub her down no more."
. . . The Doctor said, "your wailing cease:
. . . Yet I will, for old Punch's sake,
Go and all due enquiry make. . . ."
Syntax arriv'd when Glanders there
Was looking breathless at the mare:
And soon an angry conflict rose,
Big with hard words and threaten'd blows.—
"What caus'd her death, Sir?" ask'd the Sage;
"Hard work," old Glanders said, "and age."

Dr. Syntax Pursued by a Bull (cover of gravy tureen, p. 248)

He thought 'twould give his book an air,
If *Oxford* were well painted there;
And, as he curious look'd around,
He saw a spot of rising ground
From whence the turrets of the city
Would make a picture very pretty; . . .
So Grizzle to the hedge he tied,
And onward then impatient hied:
But, as he sought to chuse a part

Where he might best display his art,
A wicked bull no sooner view'd him
Than loud he roar'd and straight pursu'd him;
The Doctor finding danger near,
Flew swiftly on the wings of fear,
And nimbly clamber'd up a tree
That gave him full security;
But as he ran to save his bacon,
By hat and wig he was forsaken;
His *sketch-book* too, he left behind,
A prey to the unlucky wind:
While Grizzle, startled by the rout,
Broke from the hedge, and pranc'd about.

Dr. Syntax Drawing from Nature (side of gravy tureen)

A tub, inverted, form'd his seat;
The animals their painter meet:
Cows, asses, sheep, and ducks and geese,
Present themselves, to grace the piece:
Poor Grizzle, too, among the rest,
Of the true *picturesque* possest,
Quitted the meadow to appear,
And took her station in the rear:
The sheep all baa'd, the asses bray'd,
The moo-cows low'd, and Grizzle neigh'd! . . .
The Doctor now, with genius big,

First drew a cow, and next a pig:
A sheep now on the paper passes,
And then he sketch'd a group of asses:
Nor did he fail to do his duty
In giving Grizzle all her beauty.

This gravy tureen, which is one of the rarest and most attractive of the Syntax series, shows, all told, six of the Rowlandson illustrations. Besides the views on its tray, cover, and side, reproduced above, the inside bottom of the tureen pictures "Dr. Syntax Bound to a Tree," while its ladle shows "Dr. Syntax Sketching the Lake" and its other side "Dr. Syntax Stopped by Highwaymen."

THE WILKIE SERIES

Sir David Wilkie (1785–1841) was a Scottish genre and historical painter who studied art at the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh and, beginning in 1805, at the Royal Academy in London. There in 1811 he became a Royal Academician and in 1830 "painter to the Crown." The pictures which gained him his greatest reputation—all painted before 1823—were scenes of contemporary English domestic life. (His style and subject matter

changed after he had studied the Old Masters in France, Italy, and Spain, where, incidentally, he toured the galleries with his friend Washington Irving.)

Of the many genre scenes produced by Wilkie, seven were pictured on Staffordshireware by the Clewses and in that form found their way into the American market. John Burnet, F.R.S., a friend and fellow student of Wilkie's in Edinburgh, had followed him to London and in 1810 began engraving Wilkie subjects, including "The Letter of Introduction," "Christmas Eve" (1815), and "The Valentine" (1820). Another London engraver, Abraham Raimbach, also had engraved a number of Wilkie's genre scenes. Presumably the Clewses' transfers were copied from those engravings.

The Valentine (platter)

Daughter at the right may be seen struggling with her father who has taken possession of the valentine brought to her by the boy friend en-

tranced with her embarrassment. Brother at the left appears to be mildly amused but really more interested in his drink than in the outcome of the jocular proceedings. Only little sister, forgetful of the toy she clings to, seems trying with outstretched hand to take big sister's part. The dog alone remains passively unconcerned.

The Escape of the Mouse (plate)

This was Wikie's "diploma picture" by which he became a Royal Academician in 1811. At the right may be seen a startled young lady clutching her skirts. Why? A mouse is loose under her chair. The dog appears to be as excited as the young lady. Little brother, broom in hand, is mouse-hunting. Mother, peering in through the open door, is taking no chances; while father, with hands upraised in laughter, has dropped his pipe now broken on the floor with its spilled embers smoking. What became of the mouse is anyone's guess.

The Letter of Introduction (platter)

This was a picture of more than usual interest—"one that commanded a high price." It represents a personal experience of Wilkie's. When as a young man he took up residence in London, he brought with him "a letter of introduction to a noted, though eccentric, writer" who, having

read the letter, is shown cross-questioning his would-be protégé. At the left, Wilkie with gloves in hand appears to be dejected by the cold reception accorded him. Even the dog greets him with a suspicious sniff. Needless to say, the interview seems to have been anything but successful. (Illustrated below.)

The Errand Boy (platter, p. 252)

This is one of the most attractive examples of the Wilkie pictures as seen on Old Blue China. Painted in 1818, it tells the story of a small boy who has been sent to the market to buy some eggs for the family. He is represented as having just returned from the market. Mother, Granny, and little sister meet him at the kitchen door only to find that, his basket having fallen to the ground, the eggs are considerably the worse because of the accident. Judging from Johnny's bowed head, his reception is less than complimentary.

Christmas Eve (teapot, p. 253)

The fact that this picture is labeled "Christmas Eve" has led some commentators to suppose that the mother in cap and shawl on the right must be reading her Bible and that the hatted young man with arm extended over the young lady's shoulder on the left must be offering her a Christmas present. Actually the scene clearly depicts a family card

THE ERRAND BOY (WILKIE SERIES)

party. Mother appears to be playing her trump card, while little brother, his own cards close to his chest, is waiting to see what big sister across from him will do about it. She, in turn, is holding her spread-out hand aloft, turning her head in consultation with the youth behind her. He is peering over her shoulder and with his left hand selecting the card he thinks may best meet mother's play. Did English cottagers of a century and a half ago really celebrate the Savior's birth in this manner? Clews pottery reproductions of Wilkie's "Christmas Eve" is evidence that they did. (See illustration opposite.)

DON QUIXOTE

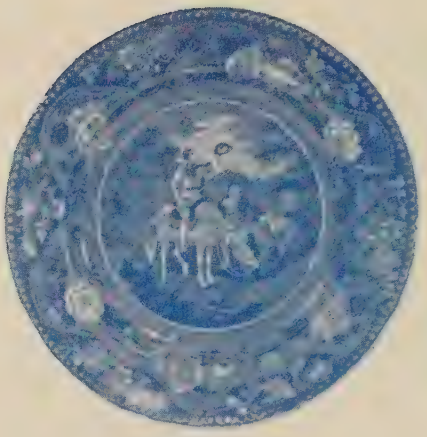
Cervantes (1547–1616) is judged by some to have been "the greatest genius of his age"—at least in his Spanish home-land. Yet, like the author of *Dr. Syntax*, he is remembered almost solely for a single work. Also like the *Syntax* poetaster, he spent several years in prison. Here, however, the resemblance stops. Cervantes' masterpiece became a perennial world classic, translated into many tongues and published and republished in many edi-

tions. One of these, the 1818 edition translated into English by Mary Smirke, was illustrated with A. Raimbach's engravings of paintings by Robert Smirke, R.A. (1752–1845). These engravings, and perhaps a few others omitted from the book, had been prepublished in 1817 and were the principal source of the 22 decorations on Clews tableware in the *Don Quixote* series. A few, however, were from engravings by Charles Heath after designs by Richard Westall which illustrated a new edition of Jarvis's translation in 1820. The only example of the Heath-Westall illustrations represented among the pieces from the author's collection reproduced below is that of "Sancho, the Priest, and the Barber." All of the pertinent story material following each title below is quoted or paraphrased from Smirke's translation of 1818.

The Capture of Mambrino's Helmet (plate)

Don Quixote and Sancho met an itinerant barber, mounted upon an ass and wearing upon his head, as protection from the rain, his brass barber's basin. But "Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass

"CHRISTMAS EVE" (WILKIE SERIES)



for a dappled-grey steed, and his bason for a golden helmet"—indeed, Mambrino's very own, which the Don had sworn to capture. As Quixote prepared to charge, crying "'Defend thyself, caitiff! or instantly surrender what is justly my due,'" the poor barber, "so unexpectedly seeing this phantom advancing upon him," dropped the basin and beat a swift retreat. Quixote, ordering Sancho to give him "the helmet," turned "it round in search of a visor; and not finding it, he said: 'Doubtless the pagan, for whom this famous helmet was originally forged, must have had a prodigious head—the worst of it is, one half is wanting.' When Sancho heard the bason called an helmet, he could not forbear laughing. . . . 'What dost thou laugh at, Sancho,' said Don Quixote. 'I am laughing,' answered he, 'to think what a huge head the pagan had, who owned that helmet, which is for all the world, just like a barber's bason.'"

Sancho, the Priest, and the Barber (plate)

Sancho, having lost his ass, Dapple, was sent on by Don Quixote on his own steed, Rozinante, to deliver a letter to Dulcinea. Coming upon an inn, "as he stood, doubtful whether or not to enter, two persons came out, who immediately recognized him. . . . No wonder they knew him so well, for they were the priest and the barber of his village, . . . and hoping to hear some tidings of Don Quixote, the priest went up to him, and calling him by name, 'Friend Sancho Panza,' said he, 'where have you left your master?'" Having "resolved to conceal the circumstances and place of Don Quixote's retreat," Sancho fabricated a false reply. "'No, no, Sancho,' quoth the barber, 'that story will not pass; if you do not tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we suspect already, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come thus upon his horse; see that you produce the owner of that horse, or woe be to you!' 'There is no reason why you should threaten me,' quoth Sancho; 'for I am not a

man to rob or murder any body. . . . My master is doing certain penance, much to his liking, in the midst of yon mountains.'"

The Meeting of Sancho and Dapple (plate)

Sancho returned to Don Quixote's mountain retreat, accompanied by the priest, the barber, and a damsel in distress whom they had picked up on the way. "At this time, they saw a man coming towards them, mounted upon an ass. . . . But Sancho Panza, who, whenever he saw an ass, followed it with eyes and heart, had no sooner got a glimpse of the man, than he recognized Gines de Passamonte [the galley slave who, having been liberated with his fellows by Don Quixote, repaid the kindness by stealing Sancho's Dapple while Don and servant slept], and by the same clue, was directed to his lost ass; for it was really Dapple himself, on which Gines was mounted! . . . Sancho immediately called out aloud to him, 'Ah, rogue Ginisello! leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my comfort, quit my sweetheart, leave my delight; fly! whoreson, fly! get you gone, thief! and give up what is not your own.' So much railing was not necessary; for at the first word, Gines dismounted in a trice, and, taking to his heels, was out of sight in an instant. Sancho ran up to his Dapple, and embracing him said: 'How hast thou done, my dearest Dapple, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion!' Then he kissed and caressed him, as if he had been a human creature. The ass held his peace, and suffered himself to be thus kissed and caressed by Sancho, without answering him one word. They all came up, and wished him joy on the restoration of his Dapple; especially Don Quixote. . . ."

Sancho Panza's Debate with Teresa his Wife (plate)

Teresa: "'What makes you look so blythe, friend Sancho?' . . . 'Look you, Teresa,' answered Sancho, 'I am thus merry, because I am

about to return to the service of my master Don Quixote. . . .'" To her upbraiding of him for this, he revealed his expectation to become thereby "a governor of an island." Unable to deflate his hopes, she reminded him of his duty to herself, to their son, and to their daughter, Sancha who, she said, "'has . . . as much mind to a husband as you to a government: and verily say I, better a daughter but humbly married, than highly kept.'" To Sancho's argument that he would match Sancha "so highly that there will be no coming near her, without calling her Your Ladyship," his wife replied, "Not so . . .; the best way is to marry her to her equal . . . for I am afraid this countess-ship will be my daughter's undoing. But . . . it shall never be with my consent. I always liked to see things suited, like to like. . . . The day I see her a countess, I shall reckon I am laying her in her grave. . . . " And so, with Sancho losing his temper and Teresa exasperated by his stubbornness, the debate continued back and forth until "she began to weep as bitterly, as if she already saw little Sancha dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised, that, though he must make her a countess, he would put it off as long as possible."

Don Quixote's Victory over the Knight of the Wood (platter)

Don Quixote's friend, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, in a plot to disillusion the chivalric Don, disguised himself with a coat of mirrors and Sancho's neighbor Tom with a pasteboard nose, then went forth as "the Knight of the Wood" with his "squire" to trap Quixote by false boasts into a duel. Quixote rose to the bait, issued the challenge, and prepared to fight at dawn. The monstrous-nosed "squire" then tried futilely to persuade Sancho to fight also. Sancho, instead, ran to a cork tree, begging Quixote, now mounted for battle with the mirrored "knight," to help him climb it out of harm's way. "While Don Quixote was engaged in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, the knight of the mirrors . . . turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active, nor more sightly, than Rozinante, and at his best speed, though not exceeding a middling trot, he advanced to encounter the enemy; but seeing him employed with Sancho, he reined in his steed, and stopped in the midst of his career: for which his horse was most thankful, being unable to stir any farther. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rozinante's lean flanks, and made him so bestir himself, that, as the history relates, this was the only time in his life that he approached to something like a gallop; and with this unprecedented fury, he soon came up to where his adversary stood, striking his spurs rowel-deep, into the sides of his charger, without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the place where he had been checked in his career. At this fortunate juncture, Don Quixote met his adversary, embarrassed not only with his horse, but his lance: which he either knew

not how, or had not time to fix it in its rest, and therefore our knight, who saw not these perplexities, assailed him with perfect security, and with such force, that he soon brought him to the ground, over his horse's crupper, leaving him motionless, and without any signs of life. Sancho, on seeing this, immediately slid down from the cork-tree, and in all haste ran to his master, who, alighted from Rozinante, and went up to the vanquished knight, when unlacing his helmet to see whether he was dead, or if yet alive, to give him air, he beheld . . . the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigies and semblance of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco! 'Come hither, Sancho,' cried he aloud, 'and see, but believe not; make haste, son, and mark what wizards and enchanters can do!' Sancho approached. . . . 'My advice is,' said Sancho, 'that at all events, your worship should thrust the sword down the throat of this man, who is so like the bachelor Sampson Carrasco: for in dispatching him you may destroy one of those enchanters, your enemies.' . . . He then drew his sword to put Sancho's advice into execution, when the squire of the mirrors came running up, but without the frightful nose, and cried aloud, 'have a care, signor Don Quixote, what you do; for it is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire.' Sancho, seeing his face now shorn of its deformity, exclaimed, 'the nose! where is the nose?' 'Here it is,' said the other; then taking from his right hand pocket a paste-board nose, formed and painted

in the manner already described; and Sancho now looking earnestly at him, made another exclamation, 'blessed virgin defend me!' cried he, 'is not this Tom Cecial my neighbour?' 'Indeed am I,' answered the unnosed squire. . . .' " Nevertheless, Quixote, believing the "knight" by magic had assumed the shape of his friend Sampson Carrasco, forced him at sword-point to confess that this was so, and Sancho, having seen the "squire" transformed before his very eyes into Tom, believed both Tom and Sampson to be enchanters. "In short, both master and man persisted in their error, and the knight of the mirrors, with his squire, much out of humour, and in ill-plight, went in search of some convenient place, where he might sear-cloth himself and splinter his ribs."

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GOLD RUSH LETTERS OF THE REVEREND JAMES ROGERS

Edited by Marie Rogers Vail, *his grandniece*

WHEN MY SISTER and I were little girls, our most coveted privilege was playing "dress up" with clothes from an old trunk in the attic. The clothes had been worn by my grandmother when she was a young woman, and were highly prized by my father. But among all the interesting things in the attic, the most sacred were two small wooden chests of family letters, diaries, and photographs. These we were not allowed to touch—an unnecessary restraint, since we were not in the least interested.

Many years and several movings later, all of the attic treasures have disappeared except the two wooden chests. These I inherited from my father while I was still a very busy young mother. I lifted the lids wistfully and then fastened them again. "Some day," I promised myself. When "some day" finally came, after my children were grown, I found in the chests the key to two generations of Rogers family history. Among the carefully tied little bundles was one containing letters written by my granduncle, the Rev. James Rogers, during his journey to California in 1849 and his early days there in 1850. James numbered his letters so that his family would know whether all were received. He expected each one to be read by all the "home folks," including the families of two married sisters who lived near by, no matter to which member of the family it might be addressed. There were at least twenty-three letters, of which ten are now missing—all numbered in one sequence as parts of a single chronological report of his experiences. The surviving letters were addressed to, and affectionately preserved by, his parents or, in a lone exception, his younger brother William Orendo.

These have been transcribed below just as they were written,

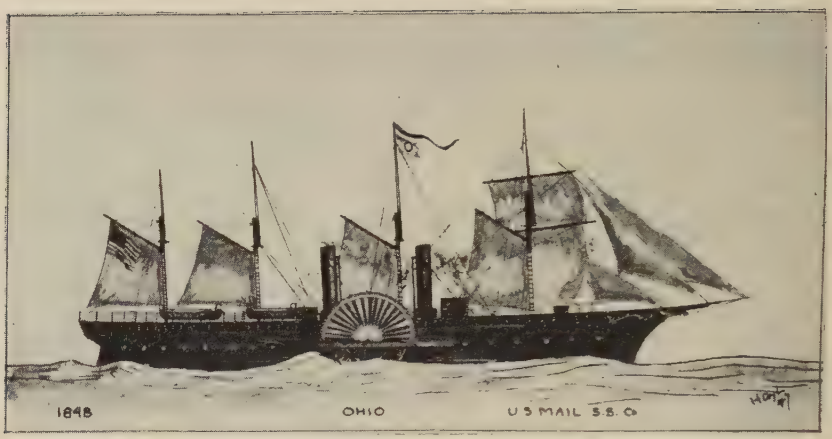
omitting only needless repetitions of salutations and closes, and non-pertinent references to the writer's health, spiritual reflections, and comments upon his family or friends in New York.

James Rogers was born September 28, 1818, on a farm two miles from the village of Pekin in the township of Cambria, Niagara County, New York, only a few months after his parents, Amos and Jane Loree Rogers of Mendham, Morris County, New Jersey, had come to the Niagara Frontier. James and his next older brother, Lewis Loree Rogers, both graduated from Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, New York, and both were ordained ministers. James continued his studies at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, from which he received his B.A. degree in 1847. During the next two years, while completing the work for his M.A. degree, which was conferred "in absentia" in 1850, he bolstered his finances by lecturing through the country on telegraphy, and by serving as principal of the high school at Portland, Connecticut, a short walk from Middletown.

By the fall of '49, James Rogers, aged 31, was on the threshold of his colorful career. All summer he had talked of California. A Middletown friend had advanced money to make the trip possible, and he had come to New York seeking passage by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Not being able to secure direct sailing to the Isthmus, he bought passage to Havana on the nearly new steamship *Ohio*. And so, at last, a chilly October morning found the Rev. James Rogers standing on the deck of the steamer, gazing out over the turbulent waters of New York Harbor. A gusty wind whipped his long coat and penetrated his dark, neatly trimmed beard. The creaking of ropes, the banging of hampers against the ship's side, the scraping of crates along the deck, blended with his sense of expectancy. For months his destiny had been leading him toward this momentous day when he would begin the first leg of his journey to California. For months his thoughts and plans had been only of the future.

But now that the fateful hour was at hand, it seemed a time for

REV. JAMES ROGERS (1818–1898)
Photograph, San Francisco, 1864 (owned by the author)



ROGERS' SHIP FROM NEW YORK TO HAVANA

Pen and wash drawing from the Eric Heyl Collection

The Mariners Museum, Newport News, Va.

looking back and summing up, as well as a time for looking ahead. Last night he had written his parents a long letter, trying again, as he had done when he saw them last, to explain the necessity for his going, trying to ease the hurt caused by his departure, repeating his twofold purpose, "to do good and to get gold," and promising that the order never would be reversed. He recalled that a month ago today, he had preached both morning and evening in the frame church in Pekin, where his family had worshipped for twenty-five years. He supposed that when he returned, he would preach in the new stone church for which plans were even now under way. Some of his earliest memories were of that old church. The first preacher he could remember had been the Rev. John Copeland. Later Mr. Copeland had moved to Lima. One vacation while James was a student at Genesee Wesleyan, he had spent a week helping him lath the house he was rebuilding—that must have been the fall of 1841. Probably his best vacation had been in his senior year in college when he visited his relatives in New Jersey. He never would forget his Aunt Harriet Mills, his mother's youngest sister and

so very like her. His thoughts turned back to the old homestead where he and his brothers and sisters had shared in the pioneering. There had been plenty of work, but there had also been plenty of laughter and reading and music. Everyone sang, most played the melodeon, and those who wished went away to school. Of his nine brothers and sisters, seven were now married, five of them living in the Middle West. Only William Orendo and Harriet Jane remained at home. He supposed that "H.J." soon would be taking off, too; but he did hope that 'Rendo would stay with his parents and run the farm.

Realizing suddenly that the loading was nearing completion, he brought his thoughts back to the *Ohio*. While other passengers were saying their last good-byes to friends on the pier, he hurried below and wrote a short farewell to his family:

New York, Oct. 16th, '49

Dear Parents & Friends

I did intend to write at greater length than I can possibly do at this hour. It is now 12½ PM and the Steamship *Ohio* is advertised to sail at 1 P.M.

I enclose a few more sketches.

In good health and fine spirits

I am your son

JAMES.

Eight days later, in the harbor at Havana, James transferred from the steamship *Ohio*, bound for New Orleans, to the steamship *Falcon*, bound for Chagres on the Isthmus of Panama. There he continued his narrative.

Havana, Oct. 24th

Dear Parents,

Again I commence jotting down a few thoughts for the sake of remembrance. I may make these letters tedious to you, but yet I will try my pen once more. I hope to be able to make my notes more connected and readable than those in my letter from Savannah.

We had got in sight of the light early last evening, but were not permitted to enter the harbor. On her last trip hither from New Orleans,

the *Ohio* drove boldly into the harbor, passed the castle & anchored in reach of her guns. The officers of the *Ohio* then received warning not to do that again. Therefore we stood back & forth before the harbor until morning. About sunrise I came on deck and found the ship standing straight for the harbor. Havana appears to be really an ancient town built in the style of the 15th century, with narrow streets and lofty houses. The mode of conveyance seemed novel enough to a northerner. A few of our company treated themselves to a ride. I may not be able to give you a correct idea of their appearance, but just imagine if you can, a carriage and equipage after the following style. Two light but large wheels, connected by axle, with shafts about three times as long as we use in the north; and on these shafts, just forward of the wheels, the body of the carriage, covered, there you have it. It did seem strange enough to see the animal so far preceding the carriage.

The vegetation on the Island was very luxuriant. Orange trees flourished on the hillsides, & many other plants and trees peculiar to the latitude were abundant. The fortifications of the town are extensive. They had the appearance in some parts of being hewn from the solid rock upon which they rest. Other parts seem so slight that many thought them of brick. The boats used in the harbor for passengers have an awning over the part where they sit, the rowers are uncovered, and, if they sail, the helmsman takes the main-sheet (rope) in at the stern.

About all the Spanish I learned while lying there was the method used to call the attention of one at a little distance. A plain English Halloo is not understood by the Cuban, but when he hears a sudden *hisst* he turns instantly to discover what is wanted. About 10 AM the *Falcon* came alongside the *Ohio*, & we commenced transferring ourselves and our baggage. The transfer delayed us till near 5 PM. This was quite disagreeable on account of the showers during the time. The upper deck of the *Falcon* does not extend her whole length, therefore we were much exposed to the rain, and the main deck was covered with water while we were lying still. Between four and five PM the *Ohio* weighed anchor, and the *Falcon* followed her out of the harbor. As we neared the castle we fired one gun which woke the echoes nicely from the fortifications and hills.—Before taking final leave of Havana, I ought to say something about the harbor. I know not what others have written about it, but my private opinion is that it is excellent. The light of the castle is first rate, the entrance easy, and the protection complete. While lying at anchor, a stranger who had not noticed our ingress would not have been able to tell the way of egress, so completely were we surrounded by the rocky yet verdant hills. When fairly out at sea, we found a heavy swell running which we had not anticipated, so quiet had we been while in the harbor. We soon diverged from the course of the *Ohio*, and as my feet were very wet, I tried to find as dry a place as I could, and then cared not how long the *Ohio* kept in sight.

Thursday, October 25th. This morning is rainy and wet as yesterday. My feet are wet and I fear taking cold. I ought to have provided myself with thicker boots; but I did not anticipate having wet feet on shipboard, and I thought I could endure it for three days on the Isthmus. My boots are quite as heavy as I can bear while the decks are dry. I thought I had seen some disagreeabilities while on board the *Ohio*, but this having wet feet takes hold of me and gives me a headache. (The clerk says it is not the wet, but the heavy sea which makes my head ache.) In justice to *all* concerned, I think I ought to add that many of the dis-accomodations I felt on the *Ohio* might have been prevented, or at least much lightened by other conduct in those belonging on board. But the inconveniences we feel on the *Falcon* have been owing mainly to the rainy weather. I must say that so far as I have made acquaintance with the officers and crew of the *Falcon*, everyone seems actuated by a desire to render to everyone his due share of attention. When they do not say it in *words*, the *spirit* they all manifest seems to say, "We are crowded with passengers, and though we cannot make you all as comfortable as we would like, yet we will do the best we can." On the *Ohio*, they seemed to say, "We have got all the money we ever expect to get out of you, we have you on board, and you cannot get off to better yourselves." There was, perhaps, an exception to this in those cabin passengers bound for Havana or New Orleans; but those for California thought they had reason to complain. I consider the *Ohio's* owners possessed of more cupidity than humanity or judgment, and her officers possessed of more servility than knowledge or sense of responsibility. "Kissing goes by favor." "Money makes the mare go." There has been some doubt among those who lost property on the *Ohio*, whether they ought to blame the servants, or some steerage passengers going to New Orleans. Since we have been under way on the *Falcon*, we have been all O.K., i.e. "Oll for Kaliforny," so that there is no chance for difference of treatment, and less chance for anyone to gratify his thievish propensities without detection. What we lose now, we will charge to the Irish servants.

The construction of this ship will not allow her to rock as much as the *Ohio*. She is narrower and, her machinery being well adjusted, it bears a better head of steam, and she will sail faster than the *Ohio*.

Friday, Oct. 26th. This morning we saw the sun about 8 AM. The officers took their first observation since leaving Havana. I have concluded to try an experiment the next three days, viz. to take the regular cabin fare at the tables and note the difference, if any, in my bodily and mental vigor. I wish to enter upon the Isthmus in as good trim as possible. I give three dollars for my meals till I get there, be it three days or more. I ought to say that I might have been satisfied with steerage fare all the way through, had it been as good and as well served from the first as it is on the *Falcon*, but being seasick, and having become disgusted, I cannot thrive on it at present.

For 36 hours from Havana we have had favorable winds, but this PM we have it dead ahead. The engine plays slowly as the men are sending everything down, all the topmasts, yards, gaffs, all, all to the lowest notch. This will releave the vessel somewhat and we will make the better speed. Even now the engine plays quicker.

I just now laid hold of the arm of a good-natured fellow passenger, and the way we took the turns on the quarter-deck would afford amusement for old sailors, I am sure. Some have turned back from their purpose to visit the gold region. Several stayed on board the *Ohio* and went to New Orleans. I think we have not yet begun to endure. If we do not meet with something five times as bad as anything we have yet seen, we will get off ten times as well as many who have lived to get thro' to Eldorado. For my part, I feel like going on. I would not turn back for a salary.

Sunday, Oct. 28th. I did intend to write yesterday, but got interested in an article in the *Democratic Review* which I would not leave till finished. In the evening I found a party on deck, under the awning, enjoying the pleasant moonlight while they sang sacred music. I could not leave them in order to write.

There being no other preacher on board as I can learn, I have offered my services for the day. I find many who wish to have religious exercises, and some who will assist in singing or in any other way they can. I have left it with two to make arrangements and call me when ready.

It has been so squally and rainy so far today (4 PM) that I have not yet been called upon. We hope for a pleasant moonlight evening, like last evening, then I will hold forth by the light of the moon. I have noticed this PM very many small Bibles among the passengers on the quarter-deck. It may be that there was a greater proportion there than elsewhere in the ship, but it did look like a disposition to regard the Sabbath. Or, at least, it seemed to show no determination, as yet, to cast away the instructions of our childhood. Many passengers are exceedingly profane, but others show a disgust at the language they hear. I think they overdid the first three days and are using less every day.

Monday, Oct. 29th. We are expecting to get to Chagres or make the land about midnight. The morning will probably be much interrupted by the business of getting on shore, and you must wait till the next mail steamer for my account of making a landing and crossing the Isthmus. I will fold this, envelope it, and direct it tonight, but not seal it. If you get it without further additions, you may suppose me safe on land again, thankful for having had so pleasant and so prosperous a voyage.

Your son

James.

P.S. Same evening. I hope sister H. Jane or someone else will start a letter soon after you get this. I will look for it then about a month after I get there. I wish to have letters crossing each other's path at the Isthmus. I have not yet suffered exceedingly from heat. The thermometer stood at 84 degrees yesterday, and today at 9 AM. We expect it will be warm on the land, but God is my Guardian and Physician, He will direct me. You will keep all our friends advised of my welfare. So good-by till I get to Panama,

JAMES.

P.S. Here we are, running along a beautiful coast. We made land about 4 AM, a mile or two south of Chagres. We have had breakfast. I feel like taking a ride in a little canoe today, after almost 14 days in a big canoe. I think a row up the Chagres will afford a pleasant variety. How green everything looks! All is freshness.

JAMES.

On October 30, 1849, James landed at the mouth of the Chagres River, on the east coast of our present Canal Zone. In the months that followed, he was to recall with irony the "three days" of wet feet which he had anticipated while crossing the Isthmus. Only his boyhood training as a pioneer in a new country enabled him to survive conditions in which many perished.

CHAGRES, WHERE ROGERS LANDED FOR THE ISTHMUS-CROSSING

Lithograph by Stringer & Townsend, New York, 1850

The New-York Historical Society

His first surviving letter from Panama gives a fairly complete account of events since the time of his landing at Chagres.

Panama, Nov. 11th, 1849

Dear Parents,

I have been six days in Panama. I write some today that it may be ready, should an opportunity of sending it occur the present week. It is not certain that I can send this in less than ten or twelve days, yet I hope to send it in six from date. For the present I will omit my journal, written while crossing the Isthmus, and come back to it during the week if time serves. I will state here, however, in order to allay any apprehensions that might otherwise arise, that, during the twelve days I have been on the Isthmus, my health has been as good as in any twelve consecutive days in the month of August last. Then I was travelling also and subject to changes in diet and climate and habits.

Nov. 11th. As I look off from my balcony, through my broad, wide-open double-door, and see the hills and mountains clothed with rich verdure, and watch the birds play hide-and-seek among the trees of an adjoining garden, I can hardly realize the chill November blasts, the stormy days and frosty nights with which you in the north are obliged to contend. When I left Niagara, the pepperage had begun to assume its crimson tint, and when I left New England, the maple was clothed in all its varied hues, yet when I arrived at the Isthmus, I was agreeably surprised to see the vivid, yet varied, green with which all nature is clothed. Surely this must be a delightful climate.

Last Sunday I spent between Cruces and this place, with the natives for my companions, most of the time. I deem them a simple harmless race, somewhat inclined to pilfer, as I can testify.

Today I have officiated at the funeral of a fellow citizen of the United States. This was my first attempt on a funeral occasion. I felt timid at first; but as there was no other Methodist preacher in Panama except an intimate friend of the deceased, and he not well, I could not refrain from telling him my character and office, and offering my services. The deceased, Bro. Hurd, was a Methodist and an Odd Fellow. The members of the Order took the direction of the funeral and invited me to officiate as Chaplain. There was a large attendance of Americans, and a long procession followed the corpse to the cemetery procured by the Order for the interment of its members dying here. The American Consul resident here, and the Governor of the "Province of the Isthmus" had been invited to attend. The Governor, who speaks English quite well, expressed his great gratification at the privilege of being present at the services, and "listening to the very excellent and philosophical discourse."

After I had returned to my room and rested a little, I accepted an invitation to go to the house of the Consul and join in reading the Church

service. I shall have friends clustering about me in this strange land, as I become more and more acquainted with those tarrying here for a time. Please indulge me in a quite egotistical line, showing the character of my fellow travellers. While in the procession, I overheard as follows, "That fellow made a devilish good prayer, didn't he?"

Monday Eve., Nov. 12th. I have been very well indeed today. It seems to me that I have passed the ordeal of this climate, and that, if prudent still in my manner of life, I may justly hope to be preserved from the "Panama Fever." I have had some of the symptoms, it is true, but knowing the symptoms and having the advice of one who speaks from experience, I have been enabled to escape so far with but slight pains and aches, which have only obliged me to keep in the shade during the middle of the day. I have a great cause of gratitude for this blessing of health. Others are complaining, and a few out of the hundreds here are sick, *sick enough.*

Board and lodging is from $8 to $10 per week. I can get board alone for $6 and lodging alone for $2.63 per week. I have tried to get my meals at the restaurants, but if my appetite keeps as good as it was yesterday and today, this plan will cost me more than either of the others.

Panama is the most antique town I ever saw. I must say that I did not go on shore at Havana, and cannot therefore give a good comparison. Panama looks as though it had been finished and walled in at least a century ago, and that a tool had not been lifted upon it since. Some of the tenements are mere ruins, entirely untenable. But there they are, covered with weeds and ivy, and inhabited by scorpions and lizards of an enormous growth. Dickens says of the buildings in New England villages that "they are so slight and so brightly painted that they look as though they were all put up but yesterday and might all be taken down and removed tomorrow." It is not so with Panama. The buildings are all of stone and covered with tiles. The main stairways are tile or stone, and some parts have tile floors. The church and cathedral towers must have been beautiful once, as they are set with pearl oyster shells. Some of these shells are still in a good state of preservation and glisten in the sunshine. I will not attempt a minute description of the dwellings, for want of time and paper, but simply state that I have been in more than fifty houses, perhaps, even today, and have not yet noticed a glass window in any of them. A friend of mine says there is one at least in the town. I think I will get him to show it to me.

A day or two since, I had a very pleasant interview with the Governor. If I could speak Spanish fluently, I could not please him better than by teaching young men the English language. He considers it now an indispensible part of a business education, and the demand for it is every day on the increase. He loves the energy of the North Americans and would like to have a colony of agriculturists and a company of mechanics to settle in his province in order to exhibit to the natives the practical

result of industry and the arts and sciences. We all consider the Governor an intelligent gentleman.

The main business of the place seems to be keeping eating and drinking houses, and shoemaking and tailoring. The transportation of goods and baggage between here and Cruces, however, now claims notice as a part of the commerce of the place. Though almost every shop on Main Street and on several cross streets looks as though drinking was a part of the business of every man, yet I must say, after one week spent in the city, that I have not yet seen a man staggering in the streets. I cannot say what I might have seen this evening, if I had been on the lookout, as it is said that *Sunday* is a high day with the people here. Bullfighting, cockfighting and fandangoes are frequent on the Sabbath. Rumor says that the Americans attend such scenes in great numbers. The priests are busy most of the day, I should think, from the frequent ringing of bells, and the chanting and music so constantly heard.

Panama, Nov. 21, 1849.

Dear Parents,

I expect to send this tomorrow, by a private hand, to Memphis, Tenn. Thence it will find its way to you in due time. I never hoped for a better appetite than I have had for the last ten days. Indeed, I have concluded today that it is of no use for me longer to attempt to satisfy my appetite. I will eat a reasonable quantity, and bid my stomach be patient a few hours, when it shall have a fresh supply. I am now paying eight dollars per week for my board and lodging. I have tried to do something towards keeping my pile good, but it will yet diminish in spite of all I have done. What the morrow will bring forth, none can tell. I see no prospect of getting a passage on board the regular mail steamers for San Francisco, unless I send to New York for a ticket. If I do that, I may get off on the February steamer. Perhaps I had better conclude to stay here until then, as the rainy season is now nearly over here, and will be just about over in California when the February steamer arrives there. One thing more let me add for all who think of coming this route: get your ticket on the Pacific steamer if you hope to go by steamer. Don't come here and buy of speculators at double price. Bring single franc pieces if you can get them, to the value of some fifty dollars. If these are not obtainable, bring dimes and half-dimes. They are just as good to spend here on the isthmus as shillings and six-pence. And 44 dimes will buy a half eagle almost any day. 8 dimes = one dollar.

But I have progressed far and not yet written anything about the crossing. *Chagres* looks like a large cluster of haystacks that have been exposed a few winters. The river is deep and rapid near the mouth. The vegetation exceeds all I have ever imagined. You might pass for miles along this narrow stream and yet get no sight of *earth*. Tropical fruits in variety are found in the greatest abundance. Green oranges hang down

to the water's edge, where the trees are so close that you cannot see the bank. The Natives have only to go out in the morning and gather their supplies for the day. As we ascended the river, we found it more and more rapid. We were a little less than three days in getting to *Cruces*. I slept one night in the boat, but afterwards preferred to hire our Native to watch the baggage. We lodged in cane-huts, thatched with leaves which evidentally grew for this very purpose. Coffee can be obtained at almost every rancho for half a dime a cup. It is well for everyone to take his own provisions. *Don't forget your umbrella!* It rained but once, of any amount, while we were on the river, but then O how it did rain! It seemed to come right straight down in streams. You never saw anything like it in your lattitude. Some say that "Gorgona is a miserable drunken hole," but I did not stay long enough to get that impression. The Roman Church there has a timber frame. They kept the bell ringing most all night. What a bell! Our old cow-bell would make music by the side of it. *Cruces* is mostly made up of cane huts. There is what is called a hotel there. I paid one dollar for a breakfast.

The road from *Cruces* to *Panama* I cannot now describe minutely,— I send you a paper which tells a large story about it. I will say a few words, however. It was once, 100 or 200 years ago, neatly paved more than half the way. But the mountain torrents have left no trace of improvement for about half of the distance. The pavement is good, firm and clean about one fourth of the way. Another fourth is over the loose stones of the broken pavement, up hill and down. Many places are for all the world like the courses of mountain rivulets in our own country. But as for riding a horse up or down them, no one in his senses would ever entertain the idea a moment, or risk his life and limb for the first half-mile, to say nothing about riding 21 miles a day, six or seven of it through these gorges where you must hold up your feet if you wish to preserve them from being crushed against the walls which rise on either hand from five to thirty feet. Again the pavement is lost beneath the deposits in the valleys, and you wade in mud from one-half to one and one-half feet deep. I came through on foot. Many of my fellow passengers did the same. We walk in the shade most of the way. Many say they would not dare to ride a horse through. Others did ride because they feared getting sick from over-exertion and exposure. I took it as easy as I well could. I stopped two nights on the way. I came about nine miles the first day, seven the second, and five or six the third day. If I got my feet wet, I washed and dried them and went to sleep. I have done severer labor at home, and have been as much exposed many a time, if I except the difference of climate. I have written you in the other sheet how I endured the journey and how I felt afterward. It was the rainy season when I crossed. Yet from Chagres to Cruces, I only got one arm wet, while bailing out a canoe, and from Cruces to Panama, I walked a mile or two in the rain with my umbrella over my head. So little rain did I see from

Tuesday noon till Monday noon. But since I have been here, I have seen rain almost every day, and sometimes several showers in an afternoon.

I have now been at Panama more than two weeks, and know of only two deaths among the citizens of the U.S. who are tarrying here. The first is Mr. Hurd, of whom I wrote in the other sheet, and the other is a Mr. Richmond from Southold, Long Island. I was called upon this morning to attend his funeral. It being on a week day, there was not so numerous an attendance as on the former occasion. There was good attention during my remarks, and much seriousness. The Governor of the Province attended this funeral also, and walked with me in procession till we had passed out beyond the suburbs of the city, when he begged to be excused from going further on account of pressing business. I am much pleased with my acquaintance with him. I preached last Sabbath at the American Hotel, as you may see by the paper I send at the same time I send this. Perhaps, in my next, I will tell you something about the first temperance meeting ever held in Panama. I am expecting to be present tomorrow and assist, though I give them no reason to expect much of a speech from me, who never gave a temperance address in my life. Yet I think the novelty of the occasion must not be allowed to pass unimproved. I must make my first temperance speech in the first temperance meeting in Panama.

The *California* is just in. You will get her news by paper as soon as I could give it to you, and more correctly. I am yet in good health. I do not know how or when I will start.

P.S. I send this by private hand to Memphis, Tenn. I send two papers as curiosities. You may think they cost a good price but they can be bought no cheaper. There is no Post-office that I may prepay papers.

As James had anticipated, his letter was carried "by private hand" to Memphis, Tennessee, where it was posted on December 17, 1849, and was received "in due time" by his parents on January 1, 1850.

His next extant letter was written March 20, 1850. Four discouraging months had passed since his arrival in Panama. It was a period when all attempts to secure passage to San Francisco proved futile, a period during which an ill-fated attempt at prospecting on the Isthmus had cost him most of his meager resources. A marked turn in his luck finally brought him aboard the steamship *Tennessee*, a good ship doomed to be lost at sea three years later. Like the *Ohio* and the *Falcon*, she had been built in New York in 1848–49 but, unlike the *Ohio*, she had competent man-

S.S. TENNESSEE OF THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

Lithograph by Sarony & Major, New York, *c.* 1850

Courtesy, The Mariners Museum, Newport News, Va.

agement. Robert Fletcher's account of the voyage of the *Eureka* around the Horn mentions two steamers as among the many sailing ships in the harbor of Rio during the *Eureka's* stay there, January 10–22, 1850—"the *Sarah Sands* and the *Tennessee*, the latter having made it from New York in the record time of twenty-four days."* Both of them had reached Panama in time for James to mention them in the letter which follows:

On board of Steam Ship *Tennessee*, lying at anchor in the Harbor of Toboga, 12 miles south of Panama, Wednesday Evening, March 20th, 1850.

Dear Parents,

I have written to Father, to Wm. Crosier, to H. Jane, and to Ira Horton since this month began. It does me good to know that my letters get safely home at last, though one has delayed some time.

As the matter now stands, I have strong expectations of leaving this

* Robert Samuel Fletcher, *Eureka—From Cleveland by Ship to California, 1849–50* (Durham, N.C.: Duke Univ. Press, 1959), 80.

region of country for a while, between Saturday and Monday mornings. By the 25th of March I expect to be gone. My reasons for entertaining such strong expectations are simply these. I have been regularly shipped by the proper officer, in due form, as a waiter on the Steam Ship *Tennessee*. I came on board yesterday and took my place with the rest, in putting the ship to rights. You may depend upon it, there is some work to do on a steamer, after a four months voyage. But I am a rare hand with a scrubbing brush, and with the help of some twenty more, I think we will get the paint brightened up, and the decks cleared in a day or two more. The Steerage Steward is getting acquainted with my method of doing things, and says he wants me in the steerage with him. With his favorable opinion, added to the reason above stated, I think I may well expect to leave Panama in the Steam Ship *Tennessee*. They ship sailors, waiters, bakers, butchers, cooks & on these various terms. Some ship to stay by the ship till she returns here and goes back to California the second time, depositing $100 with the agent as a pledge that they will faithfully perform their part of the contract; and they get a specified sum per month, provided they stay as agreed. Others ship for the trip up to San Francisco and for twelve days after arrival, depositing the $100 pledge, and get their month's wages if they stay by the ship the twelve days, as agreed. *I* shipped for the trip up and twelve days after arrival, giving my *word* as a pledge to stay the twelve days, and am to have $20 per month as wages.

One of the boys who came round the Horn in the *Tennessee* remarked this morning in my presence, that "They say Capt. Stout's eyes are not very good." I told him that Capt. Stout chose some of the waiters for their *good looks*, and others for their *good nature*, that probably *he* was chosen for his *good looks*.

With my utter inexperience of service on shipboard, I could not have got the lay I have, if I had not been acquainted with the agents. They knew me somewhat, and had heard of my losses, and knew of my long delay. I have thought they were partial sometimes, but do not think they were in my case this time. They have given me an earlier berth, and on board a better ship than I had any idea of. The *Tennessee* is a nice craft, not so large as some, yet very well arranged. If she is not overcrowded with passengers, I think we will have a pleasant trip.

There must be now in Panama some 2000 persons waiting for passage to San Francisco. All the passengers of the *Tennessee*, and of the *Sarah Sands*, and of the *Isthmus* are there. The *Oregon* from San Francisco arrived today at Panama with 250 passengers. I have not yet heard the news she brings. These steamers make their trips very regularly indeed. The people of Panama expect one the 20th of every month, as sure as the day arrives. Who would have thought it a few years ago? To have boats go some 3000 miles in 20 days, month after month, with hardly a failure. This is another evidence of the triumph of steam navigation.

Some have thought me unfortunate in spending five weeks down on the coast and not finding gold of any amount; and also having my rifle and that horse stolen, and again in having the other horses stray off, till they were nearly starved, thus reducing my means down very low. Four months in Panama! Why that is a misfortune of itself! Unless one has some employment to pay him. But I will not look upon any one single event and decide, as soon as it happens, whether or not it is a misfortune. I will look at the whole, and at the promises of God, and rather think it will yet work for my good that I have been delayed in Panama, and experienced these various fortunes. Together with the fire and the rain and the multitude, it must have been difficult for a stranger in San Francisco to have paid his way. Had I arrived there by the 1st of January, as I expected to, I might have seen harder times than I have here, and not have been any better off by the 25th of April than I will be now.

I intended to have sent a paper containing those resolutions passed by the Americans in the Grand Plaza, but I did not have time the day I wrote to H. Jane, and afterward it slipped my mind. They were good. The streets of Panama have been more quiet, both day and night, since that affair of the pistol. Last Sunday I saw the wounded man,—it was thought he would recover.

Saturday, the 23rd. The steerage passengers came on board today. I suppose the cabin passengers come tomorrow, and in the evening, or Monday morning, we will leave harbor.

I think I am working for $5 per day. We will make the run up in 20 days. Add 4 here and 12 there, and it makes 36 days. I get my passage and good living and $20: that is equal to $170. But what is better, my time is not only going on, rain or shine, but I am going on myself also, so that at the end of the days, I will not only have earned enough for a ticket, but used it, and got at my journey's end.

Tell my friends I am no more in Panama. That I expect to arrive at San Francisco by April 25th. If I have my health, you may expect to have my opinion of San Francisco about the middle or last of June. Tell Jane to keep writing me at San Francisco, to the care of B. F. Smith & Co.'s Express.

Steamship *Tennessee*, at anchor in the Harbor
of San Francisco, April 15th, 1850

At last I have seen the wonderful city in the distance. Thankful for life and reason and health and appetite and sufficient food and comfortable clothing and warm friends and fair prospects for myself, I hasten to communicate to you a knowledge of these facts, that your hearts also may be made glad for the mercies still bestowed upon your wandering son.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th of April, after we had cleared

away breakfast, all discipline in the steward's department quickly relaxed when it was known that the entrance to the greatest harbor in the world was fully in view. I, much as I love to eat, would rather have fasted from Saturday evening till Monday morn, than have failed to see the beautifully grand prospects presented to view as we entered the harbor, passed slowly along the whole line of shipping at anchor, and came to anchor ourselves, with the town spread out to view on the hillside before us. I do not feel myself prepared to give you anything like an accurate idea of the importance, or the susceptibility of complete defense, or the extent of this great harbor. Yet I will put down a few thoughts concerning it, which I hope will prove of interest to you. The entrance did not appear to me as wide as I had expected to find it. Some thought it could not be over a mile, or a mile and a half, but I have acquired the idea from books and papers that it is three or four miles wide. Be this as it may, yet the elevation of the shores would enable a good battery, placed on each side, to command all the shipping that might attempt to make the entrance.

Friday, the 19th. Still on the *Tennessee*. I have this morning obtained my honorable discharge and received my wages, amounting to $21.35. I have left of money on hand when I shipped (then $3), $2. I received, of passengers for extra attentions, some five dollars or so. Paid, boat ashore and back, $3, postage $.75, incidentals, $.10. Have left $1.85. I will watch my chance to go on shore with a fellow waiter who has a boat here, and pay him only one dollar, leaving me on the dock, $.85. Thus, with my wages, I will have when I land at San Francisco, $24.20. That will board and lodge me for one week and a half.

The hills around San Francisco, at this season of the year, are clothed in their verdure of richest green. Were their gracefully undulating surfaces dotted here and there with a copse of forest trees, I would say that the scenery was picturesque, but now I call it grand. Were their lofty heads capped with the spreading oak or towering pine, it would elevate my emotions to the regions of the sublime. But a few weeks will change these verdant hills to vast heaps of arid sand. The dry season is setting in, and with its advance, all verdure, except in the valleys, will gradually disappear.

San Francisco is built on the hillside and shows to best advantage when viewed from the shipping in the harbor. The streets are regularly laid out, but the blocks are irregularly filled up. As in the old countries, where immense wealth exists, the rude hovel stands in close proximity to the splendid mansion; so here, rich fronts, finished with mahogany or glass doors, and the roughest, slightest structures capable of affording shelter alternate through the city. Business, just at present, is said to be dull, though I am credibly informed that one firm cleared, on yesterday's sales, the nice little sum of $4000. Wages are yet low. Common day

SAN FRANCISCO IN NOVEMBER 1849

Lithograph by Sarony & Major after drawing by Bayard Taylor

From Bayard Taylor, *El Dorado* (New York: 1850)

laborers get from $5 to $7. Carpenters from $8 to $10. Painters, gilders, bronzers, cabinet makers, may get better wages. Mining is thought by many to be as certain a business as any in which we may engage. There are many rich prizes in the mines, and the blanks [uncoined gold] that fall to the lot of an honest, temperate and economical man will afford him good wages for his labor.

I was on shore Wednesday afternoon. I had been about the town but little before one of my college classmates clapped me on the shoulder, saying familiarly, "Is this *you?* Tell Lewis that Cornelius Cole is in California." He came across the country. His company abandoned their wagons and most of their outfit, packed their animals, passed every company before them, and arrived at San Francisco in July last, being the first company through from the States that season. He has now about $3500, all obtained since his arrival here. One day's work last Fall afforded to each of his party of three, the sum of $616. He has often taken over $100 in a day. He thinks he has averaged, the whole time in the mines, about $25 per day.

Many articles of goods are sold cheap at this time. Just before entering port, I sold a new cap for $1.75. I can buy a dozen that would suit my fancy quite as well for $2.50 per dozen. Shirts sell for $3 to $12 per dozen. Boots from $5 to $10 per pair. I do not know how books and

stationery generally would sell; but if I had a case of law books, I might demand and get almost any price. Many lawyers are fast making their pile. Mr. Cole was admitted to the bar in New York last Spring. He thinks of practicing in his profession here. Tell Lewis of that also. It will be recollected that I sent a trunk and a box on board the ship *Richard Cobden* to be taken via Cape Horn to San Francisco. As yet I can learn nothing from the ship, save that a New York paper states that she sailed sometime in the last of October. Other vessels which were up about the same time have arrived here. It is now about six months since she sailed. Some vessels from New York have been eight months making the passage. Therefore I will not yet give her up as lost. Still, I will not go far from San Francisco for a week or a month, that I may be ready to receive and dispose of them soon after their arrival. There is a steamboat plying between this place and Sacramento City on alternate days. I may go up there and see the Surveyor of the City, Mr. R. Chase, brother of Mr. D. H. Chase of Middletown. D. H. Chase gave me a good letter to his brother, which I sent on from Panama. He may give me employment.

In a country where there are so many changes, it will be impossible for me to foretell with any certainty how I may be employed a month hence. Suffice it for the present to say again, "I am ready for anything honest or honorable." I scorn not to work, neither do I fear it. The gold is at the basis of every movement here. While that is as plenty, and as easily to be obtained as now, mining and trading to the mines must employ the mass of those in California. A few importing merchants in San Francisco will realize splendid fortunes. Professed gamblers will gather their thousands from the unwary. Retail liquor dealers will reap no small share of the golden harvest. Lawyers will fatten on the ambitious obstinacy of their fellow men. The patient and economizing miner will obtain a competency in one season. Such are the opinions of some who are, from various motives, returning in the steamship *Tennessee*. The hands who worked the ship from Panama to this port have almost all left her to seek their fortunes in the mines. The firemen left to a man, also the sailors. One waiter goes back in the ship as coal-passer with $100 per month and the privilege of speculating. Another returns as waiter, still at $50 per month. The porter has had his wages quadrupled, (now $100 per month), with privilege of perquisites. I must not return to Panama, though they should offer me great wages. I have promised to remain in California two years from the time I left New York. This would be sufficient to induce me to stay, to tarry the whole time, unless failing health should forbid it.

That Mr. Cole, my classmate, is the only person that I have seen since I left New York, whom I knew *before* I left New York. You may be sure I had a comfortable sitdown with him, and a long talk about our classmates. I could tell him something about most of them.

Steamship *Tennessee*, Harbor of
San Francisco, Apr. 20, 1850

I am still on shipboard, working for my board and lodging, while writing letters. When too tired to write, or too cold, I run up and help the steward a while, just to warm and rest myself. One more thing I wish Jane to tell Lewis the next time she writes to him. One of my fellow laborers in the cabin of the *Tennessee* is F. F. Burt, brother to Bro. H. B. Burt of Buffalo. He knows L. L. quite well, and wished me to tell him that he was *here*, and that if chance should throw us together at the mines or elsewhere, he would divide his last ounce with me, rather than see me suffer from sickness or misfortune.

There were four Methodist preachers on the ship besides myself. One from Staten Island, going like myself to do good and get gold. Three others sent by the bishops of the M. E. Church South,—Rev. Dr. Boring, Rev. Mr. Pollock, and Rev. Mr. Winn. Mr. Winn has been seriously ill the whole trip. He was able to walk when we arrived. They have their families with them. Dr. Boring is a sound man, of years and experience. Bro. Pollack, about my age or younger, is a man of eloquence. Bro. Winn was brought up in the family of Bishop Andrews. Of him, I cannot now speak more particularly, as I have not heard him preach.

The shipping at the anchorage presents an appearance like so much space of New York Harbor. As we approached the line, it showed a perfect forest of masts. Vessels of every description are anchored as closely together as convenient for a mile or two along the shore and half a mile back. To give you some idea of the amount of business transacted here in the commercial line, I will simply state that the corps of Custom-house officers has lately been augmented by ten or twelve new appointments, making the number now about ninety.

I am glad I did not send a house around the Cape, for houses and lumber will hardly pay the lighterage ashore, to say nothing about the freight. I will try to tell you more about this great country by the next steamer. I go on shore today to try my fortune.

Now Father and Mother, my earnest prayer is "that you may live yet many days and rejoice in them all." Bodily pain may be your lot, but spiritual joy may triumph over all. When I hear others uttering their sentiments and wishes as they drink their wine, I take my glass of water and say, "Here is hoping that all our friends may live till we safely return."

James little realized how soon his silent toast would become impossible of fulfillment. His reference to "bodily pain" was a reply to Jane's report that, since November 26th, their mother

had been ill and in a good deal of pain. Neither Jane who wrote, nor James who read, could foresee the fatal illness which was to end on October 9, 1851.

Before James next wrote his parents, the steamship *Richard Cobden* had arrived from her journey around the Horn, and James had claimed his trunk and box of books.

San Francisco, May 28th, 1850

My general health has been quite good. I weighed more this last week than I was ever known to weigh before, viz 165 lbs. Yet I do not like this climate for outdoor life. The wind blows from the northwest every afternoon. The dust in the streets annoys me exceedingly. You know that my eyes have been weak these twenty years. I have always thought that if any dust was flying about, I got most of it in my eyes, but now I do not think so. It gets in my mouth, all through my clothes, and sticks to my hands and face. When I fetched my books from the wharf to the Book Room, I perspired quite freely. I met a friend who thought I must have crawled out of a sandbank. I told him I had just come the length of Pacific Street. He was no longer surprised at my appearance. The mornings are delightful. The afternoons are boisterous. The thermometer in my room varies from 53 to 63 or 65. It is warmest about eleven or twelve o'clock, just before the wind begins to blow.

I laid my plans, one week ago, to go to the mines as soon as I had done my writing for the next mail. I waited a day or two to see if I would get anything from home. I fell in with a man with whom I thought I would like to go. But I could not dispose of my books and other things to my satisfaction in time to go with him. I cannot, at present, tell when I may go to the mines. I have been hoping to get some permanent employment here, but find none that will induce me to stay. I am not so fond of this jobbing life. I prefer to know what I am to do a day or two in advance, or to know the general line of my business. But here everything is so unstable that I cannot tell, sometimes, in what I may be engaged before night. I go forth some mornings to do *one thing*, and find myself, in an hour afterwards, engaged in quite *another* thing. I have not yet realized more than $9.50 in cash in one day. But I expect a business in a day or two that will pay twice as much while it lasts. This is uncertain, unsteady gain.

The district burnt over by the fire is perhaps half built up by this time. Some two-story houses have been finished and furnished, painted inside and front. Business seems to be a little more lively in town. This may be owing to the demand for goods in the mining district. When I first arrived here, the mining districts were well supplied with all the neces-

saries. The summer trade had not commenced. From this time till the rainy season sets in, business between here and the mines will probably increase. The water is still too high for successful operations in the northern mines. Instead of subsiding earlier, as the papers gave us to hope, the waters have held up later than usual. In some districts there has been some trouble from the Indians, but it is generally believed that all these troubles grow out of the aggressions and impositions of some unprincipled whites.

I hardly know on what subjects I have written in my other letters. I am pretty sure, however, that I did not tell you about the strawberries and gooseberries that grow on these hills, nor the poison shrub-oak that is so troublesome to some people. Perhaps I did not tell of the thousands of acres of wild oats and wild clover, so thickly overgrown that it is difficult to get through it. I have not seen these oats growing, but some have been brought into town. Cut in the milk, they look good. I would like to help gather a few thousands of bushels, but have not the capital, and do not know whether I can connect myself with any company going out for that purpose. Oats are selling now, or can be sold in large quantities at the rate of $5.50 per 100 lbs. In the latter part of the winter, they sold for $15 per 100 lbs. If I had a good threshing machine here and a few good cradles, I would try to get ahead of everybody else in getting oats to market. Some have made well at haying. But I cannot afford to pay $100 for a scythe and snath, unless I get with some others who have teams or boats. The price of scythes has varied much since the fire. The last I heard, they had fallen. Perhaps one could be bought for $75.

I have met but one man that I ever saw before, if I except the students from Middletown and the officers on board the *Richard Cobden*. Prof. Allen, formerly from Meadville, boards with me. My classmate, Mr. Cole, and one, Mr. Hallibird, of Middletown, are all I have seen of my old acquaintances. I sometimes wish that I had not fallen in with them, or that they would pass away from my path. I am too much disposed to submit my plans to the advice of my friends. I must learn to look myself.

The state of society here is becoming better very fast. Families are coming in. Schools have been started, and preparations are in the making for regular city schools. Some regard for the morals of the people is already manifested. Gamblers and retail rum sellers are getting in bad odor. Many of the demoralizing Mexican sports have been, or will soon be, prohibited entirely. People begin to think of this country as their future home, and wish to make that home agreeable. Business-men will hardly ever be willing to return for life to the land of *pennies*. Laboring men have been known to go home, tired of this country, and soon be back, disgusted with their own. If a man who has had health while here expects to return from this country and be contented in the older states, he must purchase a snug little farm and till it just for exercise. Though I have not yet got hold of the golden clue to glorious fortune, yet I still

retain a wish to be counted a citizen of the rising state. I cannot advise others to come here. They will find things so very different from all they have ever seen that they may be pleased or disgusted with the whole country the first day they land. I would not pretend to foretell of any man, how he would be pleased with his trip to this country, or a residence in it. There are crowds here now, and other crowds are on the way, more than I wish there were,—for many come here to be sadly disappointed. This land must and will be settled, and that soon; yet it must be left to most to make their own choice. One will go home to fetch his family here to live, and his brother will dispose of property at a sacrifice, in order to hasten away from such a country. I will no more advise my young friends to come here, than I would to take this or that young lady for a wife. I give them some facts, some opinions (perhaps one-sided ones), and if they think best to come and see "her," don't say I led them to their ruin!

I have written that I got my books and stationery on shore. It was some damaged by the sweat in the hold of the ship. The stationery sold well, but the books will not bring me as much as I am to pay for them at some future time, if able at the end of two years. Money is worth ten percent a month at present, so that I am not sorry that I had them sent.

Thursday, May 31st. The time of going to the mines, if I ever go, must be drawing nearer. The way to the mining district seems plainer than ever before. Of course I cannot consistently hope for success, only as that success will tend to promote the great cause that I profess to love. I hope for health of body and mind that I may always keep the great end in view, and never let worldly or selfish motives control my action. I have pledged my word to *seek* for gold, not to *find* it.

There are eight places of public worship in San Francisco, and preachers and priests to officiate in all of them. When I have tried to preach, there have been other preachers in the congregation. This is a reason why I should go to the mining district. O let me go among the scattered sheep upon the mountains! If they wish me to preach, or are willing to hear me preach, then I will build on no man's foundation, and stand in no man's way.

I am rather inclined to go to the southern mines. The gold is not as certain, but there are richer prizes when they are found. I can do something there now, and then, if it seems best, cross over to the north when the water falls. In the southern mining district I have better prospect of health and comfort. Unless my health shall fail, or some very good and permanent employment come to hand before June 3rd, I will give you some account of the country in my next, from actual observation.

When I have averaged an ounce a day for every day in the country, I will write a letter to my friends in Cambria generally, stating "What I saw in California." The heaviest lump I have seen weighs 22 lbs. They say larger have been found lately.

During the next few days events happened very rapidly. Ever since his arrival in San Francisco, James had had the idea of taking the river boat to Sacramento City. What prompted his ultimate decision, and the steps by which he found the opportunity for which he longed, were reported in his letter of June 9th, unfortunately missing. Nevertheless, from this point on, his career is a matter of historical record. On June 10, 1850, he founded the first successful school in Sacramento City. A year and a half later, in the fall of 1851, his school was to receive the sponsorship of the Methodist Church at its Oregon and California Mission Annual Conference, and to become the Sacramento Seminary, with its founder, the Rev. James Rogers, as principal.*

James's next letter, reporting the first month of his new enterprise, was a song of joy.

Sacramento City, June 29th, 1850.

Since writing my last letter (20 days ago), I have enjoyed some pleasant scenes. My place of business is near the parsonage. I have been privileged with the public means of grace almost every Sabbath since I have been in California, but never *in my life* have I had a better prospect of *enjoying* these public exercises than since I have been in this city. I have been introduced into this society by Brother Isaac Owen, Methodist Missionary. I have had the privilege, twice, of preaching to this hungry people. The Sons of Temperance had organized a division in the place and determined to have a general public meeting for the sake of enlisting the energies of those who were not connected with the order. I had the honor of making the opening speech. The general Total Abstinence movement seems to be progressing nobly. It seems to me that all my former life has been a pupilage, and that just now I have burst the shackles that have repressed my energies, and am free in body, mind and soul. No place in the world affords such ample freedom as this same California. Only let Christians feel their freedom, and dare to let it be known, and none can suppress their influence.

You may say, All this is very gratifying, but what is the prospect for health in that flooded region? Various physicians give their opinion that this vicinity is naturally as healthy as any other part of the country. True, there was much sickness here last season, but then they did not have, and could not have the shelter and conveniences which are now everywhere visible. Six-cent sheeting tents have everywhere disappeared,

* *History of Sacramento County* (Thompson & West, 1880), 117; Records of the Methodist Historical Society.

and their places have more than been supplied by substantial and spacious houses of wood or brick. We anticipate much suffering among the thousands to arrive by the overland route. Jaded out by their long journey, predisposed to disease by their unvarying diet, how can they come down from the purer air of the mountain regions to any dry and sultry plain without suffering more or less from sickness? Those who can stop on the mountain streams and construct themselves log cabins may pass the rainy season without seeing such suffering as this plain last year presented.

Very well so far, say you, but what society can you have? My reply is that any person in health may have just what society he may choose. Male or female, virtuous or vicious, pious or profane, they are all here. I have concluded to join a pleasant company of pious ones who rent and occupy the *parsonage*. I will continue this arrangement till I am better acquainted with the various families in the city. Brotherton, Hulburt & Co. are engaged in transportation and trading to the mines. They occupy the parsonage, and here they concentrate their teams. Three times each day, our little company gathers around our little table, where we always remember our religious obligation to thankfulness for appetite, and for food wherewith to satisfy that appetite.

Just imagine us seated at the table at 12 ½ PM, discussing our simple beef or mutton soup, in which there is a sprinkling of carrots or green onions. At the head of the table is T. W. Brotherton, a portly old sea captain out of Baltimore, just fatting up after a fever, full of fun and ready to laugh at the current wit of the company. At my left, sitting on the same chest with myself, is Br. Hulburt, a staid Penn. Dutchman of middle age, honest as the day is long, generous as Gen. Harrison, ready to endure the presence of a Yankee at any time if he will only forbear to ask him questions. At my right, at the end of the table is Br. Pollock of whom I have written you before. He is just recovering from a fever induced by long riding in the hot sun, or preaching by torchlight in the mining district. Next is Br. Owen, a real out-wester self-educated Methodist minister, quaint, but well meaning. Then, at times, is Dr. Brotherton, telling tales of his 8 ox team. And last, and least also, is Bob, the Captain's son of 15, a fine scholar of his age. Lewis, a colored boy from Baltimore, serves up the *roast* or the *boiled*, and attends upon our calls.

So far, well, say you, but what is the nature of your business? I reply. It is quiet, and situated in a quiet part of town. It is sedentary or otherwise as I may choose to make it. I am released from my labors generally about six o'clock PM. This gives me time for exercise or errands, as occasion requires or health demands. O it would please you to see me mount the mule I have in charge and take a ride across the plain or down to the levee. I tell you I begin to enjoy California life. I have found myself wishing that Lewis and Hannah were here. They could get a good sup-

SACRAMENTO CITY FROM THE FOOT OF J STREET, 1849
Drawn on stone by J. Cameron after drawing by G. V. Cooper, 1849
From J. M. Letts, *California Illustrated* (New York: 1852)

port. He would not need to labor harder than he did in Pennsylvania. But she would not have so *much* good society as she has been accustomed to.

But James, say you, What are you likely to make this month? The prospect now is as fair as I wish it that, at the end of another week, I will have earned $150 *besides the current expenses of the four weeks* in which I will have been engaged.

Give my compliments to all those who are in the habit of enquiring about me; and, if you think best, you may also let it be known that the School Master is abroad in California also. I am teaching a private school in the Methodist Chapel. Terms $8 or $10 per month. The school now numbers *thirty-six*. One week from tomorrow I expect to collect for my four weeks labor, some $280, out of which I pay $50 to use of chapel and $80 for board and clothing.

Having thus introduced his family to his new professional career, James chose, in his letter of July 28th, to describe the Sundays of the previous month. In the temporary absence of the Rev. Isaac Owen, he had preached each week at the 3 o'clock service at the Chapel, was active in the Sunday School and Class Meeting, and attended a Temperance Meeting in the evening.

He especially noted the increasing interest and numbers in Sunday School, and continued:

I may here mention that a complication of circumstances has given the Sunday School in the Congregational Society the decided advantage of us. First, the freshet last winter slewed around our chapel, and left it on the ground. For a long time the water in one of the sloughs (slues) entirely prevented the children coming from down town. Many of them fell in with the school most convenient to them. The other superintendent, being in the candy trade, employed boys to peddle for him. Thus he became acquainted with the children and could invite them into his Sunday School. Then he offered a premium for bringing in new scholars. Then our superintendent was sick two Sabbaths and the intervening time. Then the other superintendent promised a *steamboat excursion* when 40 scholars were obtained. I was resolved to have a Sunday School also, and to have it without trying to entice away any of his old pupils. I offered a book to the one bringing the most new scholars. Our numbers now give us encouragement to labor on.

On July 14th, I again tried to preach at 3 PM. Enjoyed it much. Immediately after the sermon I went down to the river bank to see who came on the appointment for preaching on the *levee*. I found no minister there and also that there would be no preaching unless I did it. I told some brethren to sing a hymn or two, for the purpose of calling the people together. When the crowd came, I mounted a box and preached over again the sermon I had just finished at the chapel. My first sermon in the open air. This Levee Preaching must not be relinquished. Hundreds will hear a sermon there with the most profound attention, who would not find the church. Many may thus be led to resume the observance of the Sabbath and their church-going habits.

On July 28th, Sunday School numbered 18. Some new faces. One female teacher this morning. This is a new era in our Sunday School. We have never numbered more than today since the flood last winter. Some of the children are detained by sickness. I have learned incidentally that the other school did not number more than 20 last Sunday. I guess they drop off since the ride. I intend to have, and expect to have as good and as large a Sunday School as there is in the city. May God prosper us! We had an old-fashioned *melodeon* in church this P.M. We could have excellent music if we only had a half dozen good female voices in our choir. The president being absent, I had the honor of presiding in the Temperance Meeting, as president pro tem. Br. Pollack gave a good talk.

July 31st. The interests of the school require more hours than I have been wont to grant to that purpose. We have been making improvements on the building and grounds. I have been carpenter part of the time. I have taught more hours in a day here than I ever did anywhere else. I

never endured it better, or found pupils more willing to remain till all was finished.

A Miss Hart of New Orleans has started a school, with a view of a Female Seminary. I have lost one pupil in consequence,—one of those prim big-feeling girls, who is a "leetle" too big of her age to love my way of doing things. She is not my oldest girl by several, but just the one I could spare best of any.

Sacramento City, August 17th, 1850

I have not written my semimonthly letter, because it was thought doubtful whether letters leaving here in the middle of the month would leave Chagres any earlier than those starting the first of the month proximo. You will be better able to inform me after you get this.

The expense of living here is an item of much talk. Some things cost more and others less than in the States. Among the last, I mention postage. For the last ten months my postage bill, from all my relatives has been but just $1. In Connecticut, I used to spend as much each quarter.

On the tenth of June last, I was owing, beyond my means, full sixty dollars. On the tenth of August inst, I was free from debt, and had in dust and coin and good outstanding bills, full two hundred and forty dollars. In the meantime I have kept my wardrobe good, and given more to charity and the church than in any two years before. My health upon the whole has been as good as during the corresponding months of five previous years. Why should not *I* love California? During this time, I have had the honor of making the first temperance speech, pending the organization of our now flourishing Total Abstinence Society, and the pleasure of assisting in raising one house, where no liquor was brought upon the ground. I also had the higher honor of proclaiming the gospel (for the first time this season) beneath the shade of a sycamore on the riverside, where regular preaching is now maintained. My presence and influence is also felt and prized in our Sunday School. Again I ask, why should I not love California? I would not lose the memory of the past ten months for all the gold I ever earned in Yankee Land. I do love California!

No pearls or diamonds here are found,
But men of noble soul abound.
And in my schoolroom all around
Bright eyes are gleaming.

Monday evening, August 19th. The climate of this country is remarkable and peculiar. I admire it at this season of the year on account of its uniformity. The temperature of the atmosphere varies much during the 24 hours. I was so unfortunate as to leave my thermometer in San Francisco, and since my arrival here, I have not had an opportunity of frequently consulting one. In my present report of temperatures, I must

be led by my own bodily sensations, which you know is not a very scientific criterion. If I were to give you the history of a day or two, it would answer for the history of almost any day for the past ten weeks, save that the morning chorus of the feathered tribes is not as full in August as in June.

The balmy winds, so gentle and cool, serve to invigorate the system and set the appetite. After a frugal morning meal, I take my walk along the margin of the plain. Dressed in full winter costume, except gloves, comforter & overcoat, I do enjoy these walks. Now and then a frightened duck or dove mounts on triumphant wing and soars away to safer seats. Among the willows by the water course, festooned with thyme and roses, oft the hummingbird with fairy form delights our gazing eyes. Thus Br. Pollock and myself, with various converse, oft beguile a morning hour. On our return we stop beneath a shady sycamore (one arm of which supports my scholars' swing), and there awhile discuss some poet, or the latest news.

(Tuesday morning) My schoolroom is situated on the borders of the town, on two sides open toward the grassy plain. Fanned by the breezes from this great area, I find it the most comfortable place in all the town. Quietly seated in this cool room, I find my coat no burden till near ten. I then throw by my heavy coat and boots, and take a linen coat and patent leather shoes. Thus equipped my toil goes on till noon. By moving gently and keeping shady, I sometimes keep on my linen coat and vest till three or four, when they are again quite comfortable. At four or five, I have one window and another closed, as my feelings require, and thus keep on my linen coat till my day's work is done. I then resume my wadded coat and heavy boots, and am ready for my evening promenade, not to the post office, as was my wont in Connecticut, but to visit some absent pupil or busy patron.

The heat of midday has produced languor and exhaustion, but the cool evening revives the system and prepares for sleep. I find it well to have at hand as much bedding as I used at home on an ordinary winter's night. Ah! these cool nights are so refreshing. How quietly we sleep. No tossing to and fro, oppressed with heat without a covering. This is what saves life in this valley.

Sacramento City, August 31, 1850

Dear Brother [Orendo],

I received, three days ago, your letter of the 8th of June. It is now quarter past nine, and the mail is to close at noon.

I need not attempt to state the condition of affairs in this region. The papers will give you more before you get this. Every mail bears you tidings of failure and success. Some families which were poor a few months ago are now independent of the favor of man. Others have kept boarding house for companies while damming the streams, expecting their pay

when they had turned the river. But the river bed has yielded nothing. Thus thrown out of all the summer's labor and the capital spent in provision, they have to prospect for another chance elsewhere. I have a desire to visit the mines, but do not think it best to spend the little I now have and lose my chance in this school, for the sake of such a sorry chance as some represent it to be. I will contrive to have a vacation sometime, if I can, so that I may go and gather with my own hands a few specimens to fetch home to my friends. If any of my friends in Niagara have the energy to find something to do where everybody wishes to work and nobody wishes to hire, and are also willing to endure hardships and privations while doing it, and also can be content with four or five dollars clear per day while at it, let them send in time to New York for a through ticket to San Francisco on the January steamer from New York, or else enter as waiter or fireman or coal heaver on a steamboat for a month, and then get wages all the way out here.

I have not yet heard of *Judge Reynolds*, nor any such title as "Judge of the Province." Let John Kain fetch his *tools* with him when he comes. Strong wagons are worth $250 now. If W. H. Depuy wishes to come out here, let him report himself by some means to the *bishop* and take a regular appointment.

Your brother, JAMES.

Sacramento City, October 29th, 1850

Dear Parents,

Judging from my own bodily feelings, I now have better prospects of enjoying life and labor in this city than at any former date. Yet I am very often impressed with the uncertainty of life. Especially as I see the hearse passing with its burden almost every hour of the day. It is not my purpose to blind or conceal any fact of note or interest to you. If you still read the papers you will see reports of the raging cholera in California. May Sacramento escape? No! They are falling around me. I spent last Sunday watching the bedside and burying a local preacher. Bro. P. H. Patterson, a lawyer and local preacher, left the court room at 8 o'clock on Saturday evening, at 9 o'clock was attacked by cholera, and at 1 ½ PM on Sunday closed his earthly career. I found no one to perform the last offices, therefore I superintended them. I had thought some of going to the mountains, but will not now. I thought I was doing my duty when I first located here, I have not yet seen good reason for leaving *something sure* for the mere *chance* of getting something more. Therefore I have felt it to be duty for me to tarry here till the present. Now I cannot flee, merely because the cholera is laying low a score every day, out of our 10,000 in this city. Present prospects indicate that the worst is past.

I am now in receipt of letters quite regularly from Middletown, but

not so regularly from Pekin. The last I have yet seen from home I took from the express office in Sacramento City on September 28th. This was two sheets without an envelope from Jane. I do not know why the [Niagara] Falls folks marked it 80¢, for I send 1 ½ sheets of foolscap with envelope for 40¢. But 40¢ is not much out here, where we pay *dollars* as you pay *shillings*. My disappointment in not getting a letter when I expect one is worse than the loss of 40¢, which will not even buy me a supper.

My school does not number as many now as at the last report. Still I do not feel like cutting loose just at this season of the year. I was doing well in school the first month, and have been saving something ever since. I have cleared about $400 for four months. It is too near the rainy days for me to forsake this shelter with the hope of being better off in a log cabin on some ravine in the mountains. I must go to the mountains some time before I go back to the Eastern States, but it will not do for a man to be afloat in this community, unless he has quite a pile, or has been cast from his moorings. In the latter case, he had better throw another anchor as soon as possible, to prevent his drifting down the stream of inactivity and finding himself in some of the sloughs, if not in the Slough of Despond.

I have preached several times since I wrote last, sometimes in the open air. I have much enjoyed preaching, though I have not found much time to make special preparation. I am on the list for once next Sabbath, as the preacher appointed here is not able to be present, and the one to be provided by the Presiding Elder is not yet here. Our former preacher, Isaac Owen, is the P.E. We are on quite intimate terms. He has been my friend and I can hope for his future influence in my favor. If we can make the Seminary *take* and prosper, then I am here to take charge. If we cannot, then I think I will try the mines for a few weeks next summer.

Your son, James.

From the day of James Rogers's arrival in Sacramento, the Rev. Isaac Owen had been among his closest friends. Owen had been one of the two men authorized by the Methodist General Conference of 1848, and selected by Bishop Beverly Waugh, to go to California as missionaries. In September 1849, he arrived in Sacramento, where he was assigned to preach and to supervise the surrounding area. When James Rogers came the following June, the two men, so different in personality, at once found a vast common ground of interest and mutual respect. Rogers was well educated and a scholar, tall, earnest, sensitive and self-effacing. Owen had been educated in a log schoolhouse, had a

warm personality, was practical, persevering, and dynamic. Owen, feeling his own lack of education, and Rogers, prizing the education which he had largely earned by his own labor, shared a passion for making education available to the children of their time. Owen and Rogers spent many hours discussing plans for schools in California. No doubt it was Owen who gave Rogers the opportunity to start a private school in the Methodist Church. Both men hoped that it might become a Methodist Seminary like those in the East, and that this might be a first step toward higher education.

Their hope was realized in the fall of 1851, when Rogers was received on trial in the Oregon and California Mission Annual Conference, and appointed as Principal of the Sacramento Seminary, the school which he had founded in 1850.* The second

* Records of the Methodist Historical Society of California.

SUTTER'S MILL IN COLOMA

Litho by Sarony & Major after drawing by John T. Little

The New-York Historical Society

anniversary exhibition of the Seminary was given June 10, 1852. Mr. Rogers conducted regular Sunday afternoon services on the Levee during that summer, but had to give them up in August because of his failing health. That fall one calamity followed another, as fires and floods stripped him of everything, breaking up the school enterprise. Although the school later was reëstablished, Rogers did not return to it. Instead, having sufficiently recovered his health, he was appointed, at the first session of the California Annual Conference in February 1853, as pastor of Shasta City. In September of that year, he married Sophia Jane Pettit, by whom he had a son and daughter. In 1854, he was received into full connection in the Conference and appointed to Auburn, and in May of the following year to Coloma and Diamond Springs. It will be remembered that Coloma was the site of "Sutter's Mill" where gold had been discovered in 1848. Thus Rogers finally had "gone to the mines"—but as a preacher, not as a prospector.

His friend Owen, whose headquarters as Presiding Elder of the whole California District were at Santa Clara, had been spurred on by the establishment of Rogers's embryo Seminary to work more vigorously than ever for an institution of higher learning in California, and on July 10, 1851, the charter of California Wesleyan College at Santa Clara (the first college to be chartered in the State) was granted by the Supreme Court. The title, which followed the pattern of Methodist colleges in the East, did not find favor in California, and on March 29, 1852, by act of the legislature, the name was changed to "University of the Pacific" (since 1911, "College of the Pacific," now at Stockton).*

Twenty-four men were elected to the first Board of Trustees, among them, the Rev. James Rogers, whose name appears both in the petition for the charter and in the charter itself. At the first meeting of the Board Isaac Owen moved "that the College shall be open to such females as may desire to pursue a college course."

* Rockwell D. Hunt, *History of the College of the Pacific* (1951), Chapter I.

FEMALE INSTITUTE OF UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC

Of which Rogers was co-founder, trustee, principal, and professor

Photo, courtesy of College of the Pacific

Thus, the Preparatory Department, which opened May 3, 1852, admitted both male and female students. At a later meeting it was decided that the female department should be separate. It opened in a two-story frame building in 1853, as the Female Collegiate Institute. It had a rapid succession of principals during its brief existence. (Real coeducation, with men and women attending the same classes, began in 1871.) Perhaps one reason for the frequent changes of principals may be found in the record of the Trustees' meeting of September 2, 1856, where it was voted "that Brother Rogers be elected Principal of the Female Department and also that he take the profit of the Boarding Department and the other incidental income for his salary. He having no claim upon the trustees for salary."

Two years later, at the first Commencement, in 1858, the baccalaureate degree was conferred upon five young men and five young women. It was a triumphant occasion. That summer, partly because of the insecurity of the financial arrangements, and partly because Rogers preferred teaching to administration, he requested a transfer to the regular college faculty, where he served until September 1860 as Professor of Natural Science.

At this time he resigned from the College and requested a leave of absence, without loss of ministerial status, from the Methodist Conference. The only evidence of his activities from September 1860 to September 1861 is a photograph of him in officer's uniform, taken at Little Rock, Arkansas, and inscribed by him on the back: "To W. O. Rogers from his brother Maj. James B. Rogers." There seems no question that he enlisted as a Chaplain in the Northern Army, where his service was brief because of the ill-health which continued to plague him the rest of his life.

In September 1861 he returned to the California Conference and preached for four more years in the mining towns of Placer County, when ill-health forced him again to withdraw. Eventually one of his doctors recommended "sea air," and in 1868–69 he served as Keeper of the Lighthouse at Point Conception, after

MRS. JAMES ROGERS
Photo in possession of author

which he returned to teaching. Meanwhile, Mrs. Rogers, who was herself an excellent teacher, had faced the necessity of helping with the family support and, in June 1870, returned to teaching. This she continued until her death on January 1, 1879.

For over twenty years James Rogers had looked forward to the time when he might revisit the scenes of his youth. The necessary incentive was offered in 1872 by the twenty-fifth reunion of his class at Wesleyan University. His own school closed in June, after which he attended a Sunday School Assembly at Yosemite and then travelled east. He spent a few days with his brother and sister in Pekin, New York, preached in the stone church—now no longer new, attended his class reunion at Middletown, and visited his relatives in New Jersey. The high point of the summer was still to come. In September, eight of the nine surviving children of Amos and Jane Rogers gathered for a week at the homes of Prudence Crosier and Wm. Orendo Rogers at Pekin. They came from Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, and California. They ranged in age from forty-nine to seventy-one.

James returned to California revived in body and soul. He had long ago given up "getting gold," but "doing good" would always be the decisive motive in his life. He continued to preach occasionally but found his greatest satisfaction in teaching. For a year he was headmaster at St. Matthews Hall, San Mateo, but finding the climate troublesome, returned once more to the mountain schools of Placer County—Rocklin, Sheridan, Auburn, Gold Run—names made famous by the "Gold Rush." On May 30, 1877, he wrote to Orendo, "My health has been very much as usual,—able to teach during the cooler part of the year. Will close June 8, till August or September, perhaps. I have been teaching small country schools and nursing my strength for something better, when there is the right opening." The right opening proved to be in Walla Walla, Washington, where he was Principal of Whitman Seminary from 1879 to 1881. The following year he was Principal of the Haven Normal School in Waynesboro, Georgia.

In 1886, he made his second and last visit to his boyhood home and to his brother and sisters, six of whom still survived. Returning to the South, he spent his last years at Crestview, Florida, where he died May 15, 1898, at the age of seventy-nine.

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON AND THE NON-EXPORTATION POLICY:

NOTES FOR A SPEECH IN THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, OCTOBER 27, 1775

by BERNARD MASON
Assistant Editor, The Papers of Alexander Hamilton

ALTHOUGH the boycott machinery of the United Colonies shifted into high gear September 10, 1775, by virtue of the operation of the non-exportation policy, the question of trade, and therefore of prosecuting a war as well as of economic survival, continued to plague the Continental Congress. Both in the commercial and agricultural colonies there were merchants and planters who had profound misgivings at the idea of placing major markets beyond the pale. Some of these fears cropped up in the Congressional debates which took on a new urgency as non-exportation became a reality. The first move occurred September 22d when the delegates appointed a committee of Benja-

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON
Engr. by St. Memin, 1796
The New-York Historical Society

JOHN ADAMS
From *European Mag.*, 1783
The New-York Historical Society

min Franklin, Thomas Willing, Silas Deane, John Jay, Thomas Johnson, Peyton Randolph, and John Rutledge to consider the state of trade. Having heard its committee recommend the maintenance of the existing measures with one minor exception, Congress commenced a detailed examination of the whole question of trade which ran on through the month of October.

As the debates proceeded, they centered on three major ideas. Some speakers demanded complete non-exportation as the only method of compelling Britain to yield. Samuel Chase of Maryland was the principal exponent of this view. A bolder group, of whom Richard Henry Lee was one, proposed to open our ports to all nations except Britain. A third set of deputies, among them Robert R. Livingston of New York and John J. Zubly of Georgia, argued for the repeal of the non-exportation provision of the Continental Association.[1]

Robert R. Livingston made at least three major speeches in this month in the opening and closing stages of the debate. Thanks to the indefatigability of John Adams whose Notes of the Debates have been an invaluable source of information, we have partial summaries of Livingston's speeches.[2] Since Jay does not seem to have participated extensively in these exchanges, Livingston functioned as the spokesman of the New York delegation. The latter's last extensive effort came October 27th, according to Adams's Notes, but Mr. Adams recorded only a small fraction of it.

Fortunately Livingston's own notes of this speech have come to light.[3] They constitute a detailed rebuttal of most of the important points made in the course of the month's orations by his opponents. Livingston based his position on the proposition that a rich people will wage war longest, that a people who foresee greater losses from war than from submission will submit. Prophesying the destruction of wealth in the northern colonies by

[1] C. F. Adams, ed., *Works of John Adams* (Boston: 1850–60), II, 452ff.

[2] *Ibid.*, II, 453, 455–56, 483–84; also in W. C. Ford and G. Hunt, eds., *Journals of the Continental Congress* (Washington: 1904–37), III, 477–78, 479–80, 503–4.

[3] Robert R. Livingston Collection, The New-York Historical Society.

non-exportation, he buttressed his prophecy with an analysis of the relationship of declining commodity prices to wages. Appealing to history, specifically English history, 1640–60, Livingston declared that no people reduced to privation ever conducted warfare for long.

He then examined the major alternatives set forth by the other speakers which were either to invite foreign shipping to carry our goods or to sail ourselves to their ports. Although some nations might trade with us, he reasoned, they would encounter grave obstacles unless America could negotiate trade treaties with them. Since the colonies lacked independence, they could not openly enter commercial relations with other powers. As for the second alternative, once our ships ventured out of port, they would become easy prey for the British navy. Thus an ironic consequence of non-exportation would be to furnish Britain with our commodities more cheaply than before. Moreover, even though we deprived them of our products, the British could turn to northern Europe as a substitute source of supply. Livingston concluded, therefore, that non-exportation would negate the non-importation policy.

Having refuted the opposition, the New Yorker pressed home his argument for re-opening exportation to Britain. Britain would have to pay us in specie, since the balance of trade would be in our favor. The colonies would acquire consequently the funds to purchase necessities to carry on a war and their economic health would be unimpaired.

Not only did Livingston fail to carry his point on non-exportation, but he lost ground also. Congress voted November 1, 1775, to stiffen the Continental Association. The new resolutions revoked the previous exemptions and established a complete ban on exports for four months, November–February.[4]

These notes of Livingston's speech are important because they present a detailed exposition of a major viewpoint. For the first

[4] Arthur M. Schlesinger, *The Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution, 1763–76* (New York: 1939), 575.

time the historian possesses a comprehensive account of the position of the leaders of a key colony in the debates on trade policy and indirectly on opposition to the Crown. Political views do play a role here, since there is a correlation between attitudes on commercial measures and on the political issues.

Although Livingston's notes are rough in form and contain numerous errors in spelling, they have not been revised, except for sharpening their outline by supplying a uniform system of symbols [in brackets where missing or in conflict with Livingston's own symbols] for the progressive subdivisions of his speech: primary [I, II, and III], secondary [A, B, etc.], tertiary [1, 2, etc.] and quaternary [a, b, etc.], and indenting the pertinent material of the notes thereunder. Some punctuation has also been supplied and complementary or explanatory words or phrases inserted [in brackets] for clarity or ease of reading.

Mot[io]n. [to continue non-exportation is] part [of the] general system [of the Continental Association.]

[Its] limitation to march[5]—when [it is] apparent [that we can] only trade in winter, [since the] enimy prevent [our trading] in summer—[is futile.]

Args. agt. Trade [are] genl.—[I can] hardly believe [these to be] serious.

Inconveniences from stopage [of] trade.

[The] III [three] Objects [of the Continental Association are:]

I enable our own people to bear burthens & to render them willing to carry on war;

II To procure [the] means [of] war;

IIId. To impoverish [and] weaken [the] enimy.

I[6] [It] May be laid down as a principle that all circumstances being alike —Those support war longest who have most superfluous wealth— Those avoid it who feel more injuries from war than [they have] reason [to] expect from submission

[5] The Continental ban on exportation to Britain and its possessions extended to March 1776. As reported in Adams's Notes, Livingston argued: "This vote will stop our trade for fourteen months, although it professes to do so only to the 20th of March; for the winter, when the men of war cannot cruise upon the coast, is the only time we can trade."—*Journ. Cont. Cong.*, III, 503.

[6] This is the amplification of numeral I under Objects, above.

[*A*] Consider effect [of non-exportation] on [the] wealth [of the] people

1st. Reduction of price of produce to ½ value—Price labour must fall same proportion. This [would be] no inconvenience if [it] stood alone, because labour & subsistance bear same proportion to each other. [However, there are] 3 Things to be consider'd:

[*a*] 1. Tho labour [would be] cheap yet vent for produce [would be] small—[so] farmer [would have to] discharge labourers.

[*b*] 2d. cloathing dearer than before—therefore [when] produce falls ½, necessaries purchased [rise in] same proportion: value of cloathing, salt &c. is as 1 to 2; the farmer [would] pay ⅔ of [his] income [for such necessaries.]

[*c*] Burthen [would be] still heavier on labourer who [in] genl. being maintained by farmer, worked for cloathing & triffle for pleasure of family. [With his] Wages diminished ½, necessaries except food raised ½; [it is] imposible [that he] can cloath himself at all.

2d. People [who] subsist by trade: Merchants, ship builders, Rope & sailmakers, Sailors, Smiths, Millars, labourers employd [at] Furnaces, carriers by land & water—in New York, Pensylvania, Rode Island make about ¼ of the whole —other Colonies north [of] Pensylvania ⅛—so that we have upwards [of] 225,000 [plus] 75,000 [or] 300,000 people besides labourers out of employ—who must be supported. All these must be supported by farmer whose income [is] already diminished [by] ⅔.

[*a*] [It] May be said [that those thrown out of work] may be employed. How? not in culture, Lands less cultivated now than before. Not [in] manufactures; always worked up all materials. of course [there are] hands to do it without them [the unemployed.]

[*b*] Consider rigor [of] climate, delicate life. many [of] these [300,000 unemployed do] not think 30 dollars [a] year extravagant for subsistance. [Thus their total subsistence would cost] 9,000,000 [dollars]—this tax must be raised immidiately on 7 Colonies and those [the] poorest.

[*c*] [It] May be said some [of] these [unemployed are] rich; [so can] support themselves and others. [I] deny

[this]. Riches [of] northern colonies consists [of] stock in trade, money at interest, Land rents. [The] 1st [i.e., stock in trade, is of] no use. 2[nd] interest money can not be pd. when trade [is] stoped, nor can principle be recovered—[so] suits [at] law [are] stoped, [and] of course credit & with it [the] circulation [of] cash. 3d Landlord cannot expect rent of people taxed ⅔ of whole estate.

So that this resolution [to continue non-exportation] anihilates all property.

[*B*] II[7] Inquire whether war wth all these pressures [is] not more greivous than any they expect from submission. If it is they chuse lesser evil

[*1*] [The people] Felt no oppression, [but] Found [that they] grew wealthy under [the] dominion [of] parliment. Yet [the] spirit [of] liberty [was] excited [in them] wonderfully. [Their] hopes [were] boyed up. now [we] see [their situation is] serious. We ourselves thought [their] virtue shd not be tried. [If we would] not tax 3,000,000[8] when in affluence—how [can we] expect 7 Colonies [to] bear [the] weight [of] 9,000,000 [dollars]—beside [the] burthen of war—& a total loss besides of ⅔ of [their] property?

[*2*] Add to this [that the] value [of] commodities on hand[, which] amt. to ————, operate as a brid[l]e on [their] possessors. Horses, wheat &c. which cd. sell [at] £30, now [bring] but 15; [the owner is] as much under influence as if £15 [were] given him to desert [our] cause.

[*3*] People know too that on submission [the] storm [would] burst only on [the] leaders; That oppression [would] not [be] heavy at least for time.

[*4*] [People] Already alledge [that the] dispute [is] about property; [and] they have none.

[*5*] [There is] No instance [in] history [that a] people reduced [to] this situation maintained [a] war. [The] Revolt [in the] low countries [was] not paralel, [for there tyranny had] grivously opressd relig[io]n, [the] governmt [had] felt [oppression for] many years, [and the] body [of the] people felt [it] as much as [the] rich. During [the] war[, moreover, they] carried on trade—grew rich. [The] Case nearest [to] ours [was the] commotion [in the] year 1640 [the English

[7] This is a further consideration of numeral I under Objects, above.
[8] Total population of the colonies.

Revolution, in which] Their people soon tired [of] governmt of republick, Tho' trade [was in a] most flourishing state, meerly [?] on acct [of] taxes, Petitions [and] commotions show[ed their] inclinations—[an] army [was] necessary to subject them. [The] restoration [was a] matter [of] genl. satisfaction.

[*6*] Calculate from northern colonies these inconveniences. not so much felt southwd. Trade [in the South is] carri'd on English bottoms. [The South has] no seamen, no merchants, but few factors—no ship builders: various mechanicks employed in that business. [There are] few carrie[r]s but negroes. Planters live on estates, cultivation [of] which w[or]k great number [of] hands. [They can] easily procure food & cloathing sufficient for whites. [The] blaks go naked till 14—of course may till 50. [Do] Not wonder therefore [that] some [of] them stickle [a] measure which judging own climate is but [a] temporary inconvenience. [I] Hope [they may] change [their] sentiments when [they] take [into consideration the] view [of the] northern ones [colonies.]

II[9] Whether [we can] obtain [the] means [of] war [if] this takes place

[*A*] 1st. [Our] Wants [are] sufficiently obvious. [The] Operations [of our] armies [?] [are] checked by it[, our] Citys [made] defenseless[, our] Coast lyable to be ravaged.

[*B*] S[econ]d. [The] exception with respect these[10] but these [will not] answer [our] purpose [for] 2 reasons:

1st Because [it] publishes [our] wants to our enimies. make them more vigilant.

2d Few merchants [will] engage [to export] when bound at all events to return military stores. [It] may so happen [that these] cannot be got at [the] port [to which produce is] sent—then vo[y]age frustrated. [But] if trade [were] left at large, they [would] always endeavour to get them because [military stores] yield most proffit—[and would make the] adventure because shd [it] fail [in such purpose], that cargo [would] still not return empty.

[It] Has been said that if [we had] open ports none but [the] eastern colonies [could] trade [to their] own advantage. [The other Colonies should] rejoice at it. Tho' they joined [in the]

[9] This is treatment of numeral II under Objects, above.

[10] Livingston refers to special permission to export produce in return for munitions.—Schlesinger, *The Colonial Merchants*, 566–67.

sentiment that our enjoying [such] advantage [was] not hurtful [to the] rest [of the] provinces, [yet they fear it] wd excite jealousy in theirs. Yet [I am] persuaded [that our] own Constituents think [?] as [?] to wish them advantages ten times gr[e]ater. Besides every Colony [has an equal] chance during [the] winter of sliping out.[11]

[C] 3d Objectn: [the] impossib[i]lity [of] obtaining [a] navy. [Non-exportation] banishes seamen, who not only [are] lost [to us] but become enimies, forced by necessity into british service.

[Given] These considerations [we] Must Trade.

III[12] Meathods proposed [to impoverish and weaken the enemy:] 1st Invite forreigners [to trade with us in their own bottoms]; 2d Trade with [i.e., import from and export to] all the world except G.B. & I.; 3d Export immediately to G.B. & Ireland except tobacco & lumber

[*A*] I[13] Invite forreigners [to trade with us in their own bottoms.] 2 Inquiries[:] 1st whether foreigners at large or particular nations; 2d whether [as a] temporary expedient or [as a] lastg Basis [for] our trade.

If at large, no national object. still less so if only temporary expedient[: We should] Not expect merchants [to] alter [their] course [of] trade & turn [into a] chanel which [they] expect soon [to be] stoped & in which [they] expect many rivals.

If then [we] must trade [with a] particular power, inquire who [that] shall be. Holland, Portugal [are] unable to protect us. Spain [has been] regardless of her own trade; [would she] consider new one as object. [She has] Suffered all staples to decay, [condoned] mismanagement, [is] weak, unenterprizing, [and with] war already on hand. Only remaining power [is] France.

1st how [*MS torn here and two pages missing. The preceding and succeeding text seems to indicate that Livingston used this space to discuss commercial relations with France.*]

1st[14] If [*sic*, Is it] not very doubtful whether she [France] will trade with us, considering [the] low state [of her] finances, [the] weakness [of the] present monarchy, And [her] late conduct. Gent[leman]. asserts she must; for want [of] grain which [she can] get no w[h]ere else. Our exports of grain to france do not make a 100th part of her consumption. our exports to her

[11] That is, a chance that their ships may evade British warships.
[12] This is numeral III under Objects, above.
[13] This is the first method proposed.
[14] Continuation of first method proposed, i.e., III [A].

never amounted 1,000,000 [bushels], [while] her consuption [is] 150,000,000. So [she is] not forced [to trade with us for] those [i.e., for grain]. [But] as many advantages [would] result [to] her from trade, [she] may possibly think [it] worth her notice.

But private adventurers [would] never undertake this. before govermt interposes, [it] must settle Terms. Must at least be permanent at all events.

Have Gent. turned [their] thoughts to what terms shall be? Have fix't time? Considered whether trade may not become monopoly? whether she can supply us with woollens without getg them from Engd? whether this [would] not defeat our non importation? true, this [would result in] loss [to] Gt B. but have [gentlemen] considered whether greater loss [might] not fall on us?

Have [they] made any provision for our shipbuilders, sailors &c. or must [those] be a burthen?

But this [is] evident & this measure [ought] not to be adopted till treaties [have been] settled—nor they entered into till [the French] agree to break with great Britain

[*B*] II[15] Trade with foreigners at large [in our] own bottoms

[*1*] This [would be] more advantagious because [it would] still imploy our own hands—Retain Sailors.

[*2*] Still [it] has its disadvantages:

[*a*] 1st [Our] vessels [would be] liable to capture. By which means [Britain would] receive our commodities on a cheap lay [i.e., by an inexpensive effort.]

[*b*] 2d West Indies wd be supplied from foreign West Indies.

[*c*] 3d British goods wd be lodged at foreign ports. Thus non importation, in which our chief strength [lies], [would] be defeated.

[*d*] 4th When our trade [is] witheld, Briton [would] be under necessity of fetching some commodities from northern nations [which she] now gets of us. this [would] afford vent to goods [she] usually send to us.

[It] May [be] sd [she could find] no purchasers. Mistake. both Dutch & English send woollens up Baltick. of course [their] prize [price] must be nearly equal. If so then a small reduction in price [would]

[15] This is the second method proposed, above.

enable [the] English to undersell [the] Dutch. That reduction wd [be] made. For as [Britain] must fetch commodities from there, [she] must either send vessels empty and loose [lose] freight outward, or by sinking [her] whole profit, make freight.

[It] May be sd [that] This was done when [she] traded with us—[that] of course [her prices] could [therefore] sink no lower. [But this is] not [a] fact. When [the] same goods [were] emported [by Britain] from America that [she would now] get from Northern nations, & at rather a cheaper rate, [the] profit to the mercht trading with them [i.e., with American merchants] was on his outward entries. [He] only took their commodities to make a freight. now [he would be doing the] reverse [i.e., exporting to the northern countries at no profit in return for profitable imports from there.]

[*3*] [Conclusion:]

So [it is] clear [that] By [the] non exportation agreement we defeat [the purposes of] non-importation. [It would] leave [British] manufactures & merchants [in the] same state they were, subjecting indeed [that] nation to a loss, but too small to be early felt. [And even] That [would be] made up by captures [of our shipping.]

If Then [a] mode can be fal'n upon that can prevent these inconveniences, preserve our non importation inviolate, sure prejudice or hard words shd not prevent a cool examination of it. This [I] did myself [the] honour to mention. As [my proposal] was rec[eive]d cooly, [I] shd have passed over [this occasion to present it again] had [I] not been called upon. [I] now endeavour to defend [my proposal to export to England any produce whatsoever], except tobacco.

[*C*] III[10] Export immediately to G.B. & Ireland, but not import

[*1*] [This method offers] These evident advantages:

[*a*] 1st If our exp[ort]s equal [£]2,500,000 we must drain [from Britain] anualy of that some [*sic*, sum]. [Note the] effect this [would] have on GB when [it is] considered [that her] current cash [is] not more than [£]2,000,000. Besides employing [our own] hands,

[10] Third and last method proposed, above, and the one which Livingston espoused in this speech.

enriching [our] country, [it would] enable [us] to pay [the] whole expence [of the] war.

[*b*] [It] Enables [us to] purchase what [we] want [to] carry on war. [It is] cheaper, [and offers] less risk [than the alternative methods]. for [a] vessel wd be safe from here to Engd. then [it would] have money with which [to] trade [with] any foreign nation. [And the] land[ing]s [upon the vessel's return to America would be in] little danger [if] any, [because of the] numerous inlets on [our] coast.

[*c*] This wd give us intelligence of M[ovement]s. of our enimies.

[*d*] W[oul]d reserve our seamen.

[*2*] Obj[ec]t[ions:]

[*a*] 1st That [the] prohibition [of] tobacco [exports] wd create disgust [in] 2 Colonies. [For] my own part [I have a] higher opinion [of their] virtue than [to] think so. Principles on which prohibited might be explained. Lands [which] raise tobacco [are] fit [to grow] any grain. [True,] female negroes [would] not [be] employd, but will they be employed if trade [is] totally stoped? If not, w[h]ere [is the] disadvantage?

[*b*] 2d That many things exported by us [would be] manufactored in England & reshiped. [I] Have shewn [that if Britain] did not get [them] from [these] Colonies, [they would] be procured from elsewhere—& in return for them [Britain would reship her] manufactors, [such as] *Iron*[, anyway.] But even if not, [the] value of those [of our products she would reship] as well as [of those retained by her for] home consumption [would be] paid us in specie.

[*c*] 3d [That Britain would profit from the] Number [of her] hands employd in reshiping. But surely more [would be] employed [by] us in shiping—not only [of the] same [i.e., of what the British would reship] but [also of] what they [i.e., the British, would] consume too.

[*d*] 4th [That the export of] Flax seed [to] Ireland [would help the enemy. But this is] not so important [to them] as [we] imagine. [They could] procure [it] from Holland [as they] formerly did. [The] whole value [of our flax seed exports would be only £]40,000. [It

is] Idle [to] think [they] could not manufacture [for] want of it.

[*e*] 5th West Indies. provision shiped [to Britain would] not [be] reshiped there [i.e., to the West Indies].[17]

[*3*] [Conclusions:]

[*a*] Gent did not think [there was] much weight in [the] argt [against exportation to Britain and Ireland] when [he] supposes [such] trade [would] be so ruinous to GB that she wd prohibit it. [It is] Worth trying. perhaps [the] interest [of] individual [British merchants would] over rule [the] publick good.

[*b*] [We] Find [that Britain] does carry on some trades where [the] ballance [is] agt her. [For example, with the] East Indies.

[*c*] [During the] Last non importation ag[ains]t [Britain we] exported to her.

[*d*] [It is] Probable [that we would] enjoy [the] advantage at least [for] some time when [i.e., until Britain] prohibited exportation [of] specie, which [is the] most probable meathod [Britain would] take [to] stop it. [We could then] Purchase forreign bills [which would] answer [the] same purpose.

[*e*] Gent went far into non importation & [the resultant] disadvantages B[ritain]. laboured from. [I] agree [with that] sentiment & [am] so far [from] wish[ing] to break it that I mention this [i.e., resumption of exports to Britain, as the] only mode to preserve [non-importation] in full force.

[*f*] [True, revocation of the non-exportation agreement would] Breach [the Continental] association. but if [non-exportation is] founded in error, [it] shd be revoked. [However,] Not at present. let [the] people [first] feel [the] want [of] trade, which [they will] do in few weeks, then grant [the right to resume exports to Great Britain and Ireland].

[17] Normally, the colonies shipped few provisions to Britain, where there was little market for them, but provisions had constituted a major colonial export to the West Indies. One of the objections to Livingston's plan was that, if merchants could now export their provisions to Britain, the British would re-export them to the West Indies and lift the American pressure from those islands. Livingston evidently intended here to state and answer this objection.

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ALBERT NORTON, Esq.,

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Respectfully yours,

RYLAND FLETCHER

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The following Poem was written by the Principal of one of the Academies in this State:

Going to the City.

☞ All of the Panorama of New York City is seen at each Exhibition.

Young Men, read this!

… —*Rochester Daily Herald*

… the Faculty of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima,

BULLARD'S PANORAMA OF NEW YORK CITY!

Person should Visit It.

… L. Alverson, Principal. … Rev. James E. Latimer … H. DePuy, … Mrs. Maria E. Hibbard … Caroline Fowler, Faculty and Teachers of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary

The Woodstock (Vt.) *Temperance Standard* says of Bullard's Panorama of New York City.

NEW YORK CITY

BULLARD'S PANORAMA

OF

NEW YORK CITY

Embracing One and a half Miles of Shipping, the Battery, Castle Garden, … Every-day Life in

BROADWAY

With Perspective Views of Forty-five streets leading from that far-famed thoroughfare, with Views of other Streets, Buildings, and Objects of Interest in other parts of the

GREAT COMMERCIAL EMPORIUM

WILL BE EXHIBITED AT

Worcester

IN MECHANICS' HALL

AS FOLLOWS

1st Exhibition on	THURSDAY EVENING,	Oct. 7,	at 7½	o'clock.	
2d "	" FRIDAY	" 8,	" 7½	"	
3d "	" SATURDAY AFTERNOON,	" 9,	" 3	"	
4th "	" SATURDAY EVENING,	" 9,	" 7½	"	
5th "	" MONDAY	" 11,	" 7½	"	
6th "	" TUESDAY AFTERNOON,	" 12,	" 3	"	
7th "	" TUESDAY EVENING	" 12,	" 7½	"	
8th "	" WEDNESDAY AFTERN'N,	" 13,	" 3	"	
9th "	" WEDNESDAY EVENING,	" 13,	" 7½	"	

☞ At each Exhibition, an EXPLANATORY LECTURE will be given by … Lillie, or Mr. A. Williams. **Tickets for sale at Marsh's Music S…** the Door.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS, CHILDREN …

Familes and Parties, 5 Persons $1.00.

ALBERT NORTON, Proprietor. J. H. LILL…

THE PANORAMA COMMENCES WITH A

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WHOLE …

The beholder then has a view of the North and East Rivers, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, … Island, with its Forts and Barracks, Bedloe's Island, Staten Island, Quarantine, and … Narrows. Each person who sees the Panorama will view New York precisely as they would were they to land at

JERSEY CITY FERRY, FOOT OF CORTLAND STRE…

It is almost impossible to mention all the objects of interest represented, but those mentioned … some of the most important.

Seamen's Floating Church, Steamboats, B…

DISTANT VIEW OF

Jersey City, Bethel Chapel for Seamen, Ships, Barques, &c. from various Ports … Philadelphia Steamboats, Chagres and Bremen Line of Steamships …

CASTLE GARDE…

Floating Baths, BATTERY, Bay and Islands, Barge Offices, Staten Island and South Ferries, … East River Shipping, Whitehall Street.

MORE THAN ONE MILE OF SHIPP…

Is presented as it lies in Port, at the Piers, and in the Docks bordering on West Street, the great Com… of New York City. View of the CANAL BOATS as they appear receiving and discharging the… fully represented. There probably is no point in New York City that more powerfully impresses a … amount of business done at the Empire City, than to view from the BATTERY the Steamers and Sh… part of the world. All this is faithfully represented in this painting. The Battery is resorted to by all c… the millionaire with his wife and children, and the beggar in his rags. All is represented as it is — ev… thing — in minute detail.

VIEW OF

BOWLING GREEN AND FOUNTA…

THE PANORAMA OF

NEW YORK CI…

Is painted upon the largest architectural scale of any Painting ever exhibited in the United States. … Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi. Everything is represented in its most minute particular, even … signs, window blinds, sash, window shades and curtains of each dwelling.

The following are among some of the principal Buildings represented:—

THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY GENERAL WASHING…

Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Howe and Aaron Burr, Trinity Church, St. Paul's Church, Astor House, … House, City Hospital, Bullard's Studio, American Art Union, Residence of John Jacob Astor, … University Medical College, Entrance to Tripler Hall, in which Jenny Lind gave her Concerts.

VIEW OF UNION PA…

WITH FOURTH AVENUE, AND RAILROAD, FROM UNION PLACE HO…

The following are some of the scenes represented in this Panorama, as seen in the street in B…

Funeral Procession of Gen. Worth, Col. Duncan, and Majo…

… SURVIVING OFFICERS OF THE WAR …

New York Volunteers Returned from the Mexican War,

Continentals with Dodworth's Band of Music; Procession of Odd Fellows to the dedication of Odd … Guards with Governor's Island Band; Hearse and Carriages at a Private Funeral; Sabbath School … Highlanders with Bagpipes; Baxter Blues on a Target Excursion; Gen. Morris' Troop of Hussars in … of a Fire, and Confusion in Broadway in a Storm.

☞ "The Panorama of New York City" … Thousand Dollars. It was painted by New York's favorite artist, O. A. Bullard, a native of … These who are familiar with N. Y. City will, as they view the Painting, imagine that they are th…

BROADSIDE OF OTIS A. BULLARD'S PANORAMA, WORCESTER, MASS., OCT. 1–9, 1858

Courtesy of the American Antiquarian Society

OTIS A. BULLARD'S MOVING PANORAMA OF NEW YORK CITY

by Joseph Earl Arrington

NEW YORK was an important subject for a panorama in mid-19th century. The rapid rise of the city as the greatest commercial metropolis of the New World was something of a modern wonder, and people who could not see it personally wanted to see it pictorially. Engraved single views and vistas had long been available, but these failed to portray the whole city with its multifarious traffic, that intrigued visitors so greatly. So the newer art form of all-encompassing panoramas—some of them circular pictures installed in rotundas, others long linear canvases moving across the spectators' view from giant spool to giant spool—was utilized to accomplish the more desirable purpose.

As early as 1810, John Joseph Holland had painted on a large, continuous canvas a full cycloramic view of New York City as seen from a theater cupola near St. Paul's Church. It was exhibited in a specially constructed round building. In 1834 Robert Burford, the noted English panoramist, painted another cyclorama of the entire New York horizon from an elevation near City Hall, also shown in a separate circular building. By 1847 Ezekiel Porter Belden and a group of artists had carved out a large-scale, wooden model of New York City and set it under a painted canopy for exhibition. Then Edward Burckhardt made his cycloramic strip-drawing of the four cardinal points of the city in 1845, taken from the North Dutch Church steeple on Nassau Street. This was followed in 1846 by William Wade's engraved strip-panorama of New York along the Hudson River and on to Albany.[1]

[1] Robert Burford, *Description of a View of the City of New York* (London: 1834), 1–12; John A. Kouwenhoven, *The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York*

Bullard's Moving Panorama of New York City

The first native, moving panorama of New York was created in 1828 by William Dunlap and a group of scenic artists for his three-act farce, "A Trip to Niagara," written for the Bowery Theatre where the long painted canvas was rolled on cylinders for exhibition before the audiences. Like Dunlap's, Antoine Mondelli's moving panorama of the North and South, showing New York and New Orleans in 1850, and J. B. Booth's Grand Panoramic Play of New York and San Francisco in 1853, included other than New York City subjects. But the gigantic moving panoramas created by John Evers in 1849, by H. Ball in 1853, and, probably the most important of all, by O. A. Bullard in 1846–50, were devoted entirely to depiction of the city.[2]

The panoramist Otis Allen Bullard, son of Abel Bullard, a farmer from Barre, Massachusetts, was born in Howard, Steuben County, New York, February 25, 1816. There he lived until manhood. He showed his special interest and talent for art very early, by carving images of his playmates from house shingles. When his father died, Otis, then fourteen, was apprenticed to Augustus A. Olmstead, a wagon builder, to learn sign-painting. During this seven-year apprenticeship, he sought local instruction in the art of portraiture, but without success. Nevertheless, after some home study, he offered his services to the public. His first subject was a young doctor friend, whose portrait evidently gave satisfaction, for twenty other townspeople then had their likenesses painted. With the twenty-five dollars these commissions brought him, Otis departed for New York to see the ex-

(New York: 1953), 190–93; the Edward Burckhardt drawing of New York, in The New-York Historical Society; New York *Herald*, July 22, 1846; Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, May 19, 1847; New York *Post*, May 17, Sept. 18, 1810; William Wade, *Panorama of the Hudson River from New York to Albany* (New York: 1846), 3–4; Ezekiel Porter Belden, *New York As It Is* (New York: 1849); George C. Groce and David H. Wallace, *The New-York Historical Society's Dictionary of Artists in America* (New Haven: 1957), 322.

[2] New York *Herald*, Nov. 8, 1849; Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Nov. 14, 1853; New Orleans *Picayune*, Jan. 7, Feb. 27, March 22, 1851; George C. D. Odell, *Annals of the New York Stage* (New York: 1931), III:407–8, V:584; William Dunlap, *A Trip to Niagara* (New York: 1830); George R. MacMinn, *The Theater of the Golden Era in California* (Caldwell, Idaho: 1941), 225–26; Groce & Wallace, 217; *New York Mirror*, Nov. 22, Dec. 26, 1828.

O. A. BULLARD (1816–1853)
Woodcut by William Howland
Detroit Public Library

hibits at the National Academy of Design, to get some professional training in art, and to find new opportunities, but failed to make any satisfactory contacts there.[3]

So Bullard went on to Hartford, Connecticut, where he found friends. He remained there for a year on borrowed funds, studying portrait painting under the well-known local artist, Philip Hewins. In 1838 he started his professional career in that area and soon earned enough to pay his debts in Hartford. We find him next in Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1840, where he received generous patronage. Among his subjects were members of the prominent Boltwood and Dickinson families, including the poet Emily. When opportunities began to decline, the young artist returned to his home town of Howard, New York, in 1841. There he married Angelina A. Olmstead, the daughter of his first employer, and then resumed his life as itinerant artist in Western New York and elsewhere, until the winter of 1843. He could show as his total professional work to that date "the portraits of *eight hundred* different individuals."* Then he returned to New York City and added another hundred subjects, bringing his total production in portraiture to nine hundred.[4]

[3] *Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion* (Boston), April 9, 1859; Guy H. McMaster, *History of the Settlement of Steuben County, New York* (Bath: 1853), 197; Albert Norton (Publisher), *Brief Sketch of the Life of Otis A. Bullard* (n.p.: 1851), 5 [Copy in Burton Historical Collection, Detroit Public Library]; Groce & Wallace, 94–95.

* Citations of sources quoted are differentiated from other footnote citations by an asterisk (*).

[4] Barbara N. Parker, "The Dickinson Portraits," *Harvard Library Bulletin*, Winter 1952; Groce & Wallace, 313; Norton, *4, 5–6.

When the new daguerreotype profession began competing with the old portraitists, Bullard turned to genre painting. Having learned the new methods of figure drawing and group composition, he gave his main attention "to illustration of the manners and customs of American life and to historical compositions." His works in this field were represented in the exhibits of the National Academy, from 1842 to 1853, though he was not a member of that body. The items shown were: 1842—"Portrait of a Gentleman"; 1844—"Portrait of Ex-Governor Runney, of Vermont"; 1845—"Group of Children" and "Scene of a Barn, in Genesee Co. [New York]"; 1846—"Loading Hay"; 1847—"Trading Horses" (which critics found imitative of William Sidney Mount's "Bargaining for a Horse") and "John, I've Got the Rooster"; 1848—a "Head"; and finally in 1853—"Soft Sawder [Solder]" and "The Light Blue Frock."[5]

His most popular paintings were those having a patriotic or religious appeal. Some of these, acquired in 1847 and '48 by the American Art-Union for its national lottery prizes, were: "The Last Blanket" being donated by a widow for needy soldiers of the Revolution, but declined by General Anthony Wayne; "The Daughter's Appeal" from her death bed to her deistic father, Ethan Allen, in favor of her mother's Christian hope; "Nathan Hale, just before his Execution"; and "Capt. John Smith's visit to Pocahontas." Two other such works were "Sam Slick" (the Canadian humorist Thomas J. Haliburton) and "Judith in the Tent of Holofernes." The popularity of these works gained for Bullard a place in William Hunt's *American Biographical Sketch Book* (1848) honoring men of achievement.[6]

[5] William Hunt, *The American Biographical Sketch Book* (Albany: 1848), I: *345; Mary Bartlett Cowdrey, *National Academy of Design, Exhibition Record, 1826–1860* (New York: 1943), I: *59; Vernon C. Porter, Director, National Academy of Design, to writer, New York, May 27, 1959; *The Literary World* (New York), May 1, 1847; Parker, *op. cit.*; *Cowdrey, William Sidney Mount* (New York: 1944), 34.

[6] Portland (Me.) *Advertiser*, Sept. 16, 1851; *The Literary World*, Dec. 16, 1848; Cowdrey, *American Academy of Fine Arts and American Art-Union 1816–1852* (New York: The New-York Historical Society, 1953), II: *Exhibition Record*, 49–50; *Ballou's*, April 9, 1859.

Otis A. Bullard's last and "crowning work of art" was the Panorama of New York City, which occupied the final seven years of his life. The "wide and enviable fame" which it brought to him as "a painter of considerable eminence" was enjoyed by the artist for only a brief period of three years. When he died suddenly, October 13, 1853, at 609 Broadway, in the city he had illustrated by his pencil, he was thirty-seven years of age. He had lost his wife Angelina the previous year, shortly after the birth of their only son, George Washington Bullard, on March 27, 1852. Husband and wife were buried in the family plot at Howard, New York. The infant son was entrusted to the guardianship of a brother, Daniel Bullard, with at least $4,000 of the estate held in trust for him under the will. Of Bullard's enormous artistic output, only a few items have been located and identified today. Among them are five portraits of the Boltwood family and three of the Dickinson family, including that of Emily, in the Houghton Library of Harvard College since 1950. Two of the moral paintings have turned up: "The Daughter's Appeal," in Jacob Reder's collection in New York State since 1941; and "The Arrest of Nathan Hale," at the Plaza Art Gallery Auction in New York City, in 1945.[7]

Bullard "conceived the idea of painting his great work, the Panorama of New York City," in 1846. He had grown to manhood not far from the Erie Canal that made the city vital in the State's economy. He had lived in the city for three years and, with his rural background, found it an interesting, adventurous, and exciting, as well as a somewhat confused, life. He agreed with others, that "it would be difficult to conceive a nobler or more brilliant subject than this is, or one susceptible of being more

[7] Sandusky (Ohio) *Register,* June *29, 1853; Norton, *3, 10; John Doggett, *New York City Directory,* 1844–5, 1845–6, 1848–9; "Records of Wills, Surrogate's Court New York County," Liber 108, pp. 273–77 [Hall of Records, New York City]; Parker, *op. cit.;* Ellen Razey, Town Clerk, Howard, New York, to writer, July 10, Aug. 19, 1959; Angeline B. Chapman, to writer, Philadelphia, Aug. 14, Nov. 6, 1959; James Katsaros of the New York Municipal Archives and Records Center, to writer, May 20, July 13, 1959; Portland *Advertiser,* Sept. *16, 1851. Photographs of Bullard's extant works may be seen at the Frick Art Reference Library, New York City.

happily illustrated." But the problems of depicting the complex life in a seaport of such immense size and still growing phenomenally were difficult. He decided to sketch only "such objects as are calculated to give the most correct impression of the city" and "all the essential characteristics which together make New York the 'first city of America.'" He therefore selected one and one half miles of West Street to feature the vast shipping activities and four and a half miles of Broadway as the great business thoroughfare and show street. This six-mile scenic route commenced "with the foot of Cortland Street," followed "West [and Whitehall] Street around the Battery," and proceeded "up Broadway to the head of Union Park." Bullard depicted along this route all the passenger and freight shipping, steamships, canal and barge boats, floating baths and chapels, every variety of water-front life, the Broadway business establishments, churches, hotels, etc., the endless traffic jams, and the multifarious street life of people from every social stratum. Then he sketched individual places and subjects of particular interest in other parts of the city—"many of the most magnificent public and private buildings . . . public parks and squares . . . imposing and splendid processions"—as additional, significant scenes for the panorama.[8]

He included bird's-eye views of the whole city and harbor, taken from elevated points, and so many views of side streets, some also from high places, that "a large portion of the city is seen by looking far down as they stand out in bold perspective." Most of the sketches, however, were of West Street or Broadway, as seen while approaching the shore in a ferryboat, riding in an omnibus, or walking along the streets and in the parks. Only one side of the street was shown consistently from the ground level across the street. "The houses, stages, people," said one

[8] Toledo *Blade*, July *14, 1853, April *9, 1858; Norton *6, 7, 11, 14, *16, cover; Syracuse *Journal*, March 11, 14, 1853; Rochester *American*, Dec. 28, *31, 1850, Jan. 4, 1851; Cincinnati *Gazette*, Dec. 10, 1855; Lockport *Niagara Democrat*, March 27, 1851; Bangor (Me.) *Whig and Courier*, Jan. 14, 15, 16, 1852; Chicago *Democratic Press*, Sept. 20, 1853; Portland *Eastern Argus*, Sept. 26, 1851; Cleveland *Leader*, Feb. 26, 1858.

ROUTE DEPICTED BY BULLARD'S PANORAMA

rom Cortlandt St. down West St., around Battery, and up Broadway to Union Square

Superimposed on 1850 map of lower Manhattan

commentator, ". . . seem almost instinct with life, and every locality is shown just as it appears to the eye of a person on the ground." But there were also close-up or enlarged views of persons, groups, and off-the-route scenes, and "some of these views [were] taken from points that few ever visit" in a lifetime. For accuracy, Bullard sketched the buildings during the part of the day when they were least obscured by traffic, but drew the life scenes while "walk[ing] through the streets among the people, the bustle and confusion."[9]

Having finished his sketches, Bullard was financially unable to go very far toward executing the panorama on his own resources. This deficiency was met by a well-to-do Englishman, George Doel, who invested "the means to go on with the painting." Besides Bullard, and under his direction, "from three to seven men were engaged in this great work [for] four years." The records fail to name them, but they were all American artists. The Englishman "promptly paid the bills as they became due." With "skill, enterprise, and untiring perseverance," the painting was finally finished in the summer of 1850. Surveying the completed work, Bullard discovered that some of the latest improvements of the growing city were not on the canvas. Again he "went to work and introduced all the changes of buildings, etc., which had been made during its progress, and was occupied about four months in making the alterations, and bringing the panorama down to the first of November," 1850. Later the artist felt compelled to make further drawings for a second panorama, which pictured the city to the year 1853 before his untimely death. Long after the original panorama had served its purpose, Bullard's son George W., with a company of assistants, produced and exhibited a new panorama of New York, including developments within the city up to the 1870s.[10]

[9] Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, Nov. *17, 1855; Toledo *Blade*, April *26, 1867; Norton, *10, 13; Waukegan (Ill.) *Gazette*, Sept. 24, 1853; *Poster of Bullard's Panorama of New York, for East Montpelier (Vermont), Oct. 31, 1852, citing showings at other places and dates [hereafter referred to as Montpelier Poster]. (Copy in NYHS.)

[10] Cleveland *Herald*, April 8, 1858; Lockport (N.Y.) *Niagara Democrat*, March 27, 1851; Norton, *6, *10, 12, *13, 14; Montpelier Poster.

The initial panorama cost $15,500—an amount somewhat less than the outlay for some other paintings of distant places which required expensive travel for taking the sketches. The canvas, reportedly weighing 1640 or 1900 pounds, was estimated to be "one third larger than Banvard's celebrated panorama of the Mississippi." This would make its area 21,120 square feet, but commonly accepted figures for surface area were 18,000 square feet and for length 3,000 to 3,218 feet. The calculated width or height would then be only 6 to 6½ feet, just half the average height of other moving panoramas of the time. This, however, made it easier to transport and to exhibit in the smaller as well as the larger halls. To increase this convenience, the canvas was rolled on at least two and probably three or four cylinders. It required about two hours for the viewers to see the whole panorama unroll, and the order of the scenery was reversed at alternate exhibitions, as the canvas was being unrolled from one to another cylinder, then back again to the first. If the broadside-listings of 154 constituent scenes are correct, then each framed view would have been about 20 feet across by 6 high. Interspersed among these were the over-sized, close-up "single views of remarkable buildings and localities" which, in the showing, were "dropped over the panorama" to provide glimpses of city life in detail or of places beyond the chosen route, without disturbing the scale, continuity, and sidewalk-viewpoint of the running street scenes in the main panorama.[11]

The scale of the panorama was one foot of canvas to about ten feet of street, and covered only six miles of cityscape, in contrast to the one or two thousand miles of landscape coverage by the Mississippi and St. Lawrence panoramas. Bullard's therefore had a much higher concentration of detail. His painting was said to be so realistic that persons familiar with the city could "trace out every locality represented"—yes, "every house, sign, stall,

[11] Toledo *Blade*, March *31, 1856; Portland *Advertiser*, Sept. 20, 22, 1851; Norton, cover, *10, 15; Poster of Bullard's Panorama of New York City, for Worcester, Mass., Oct. 7–13, 1858 [hereafter referred to as Worcester Poster.] (Copy in American Antiquarian Society.)

hotel, church, and public [or private] building" "from the most costly and splendid, to the most humble and decayed." Every little peculiarity "from the most elaborate ornaments to the most minute defects; from the signs, to the window shades and curtains; from the moving throng of men, brutes, and vehicles, to the stationary trees, paving stones, and lamp posts," were said to have been "presented with an astonishing life-likeness." There was widespread consensus on this point: Even "the horses and carriages, in most instances, are portraits—the pedestrians are recognized at sight by their acquaintances, and the processions and mishaps of the city are vividly sketched. The view of the shipping is also true to life." Warehouses, halls, parks, and fountains also received public praise for faithfulness of portrayal.[12]

Bullard's painting was not an oil but a fresco, reportedly as beautiful and brilliant by day as by artificial light. Some critics called it "more perfect, accurate and finished" than similar works —the chef d'oeuvre of panoramic painting. There was of course some adverse criticism: the neck of General Sanford's horse was a little too long; some of the trees in the Battery Park were badly done; a few street signs were grotesque; the trimmings of a lady's dress in her doorway were faulty. But the general consensus was that Bullard's work had been executed with "masterly artistic skill" and ranked "among the very best of its kind"—a "remarkable triumph of art," which in the panoramic field "approaches perfection." People were "astonished at the vast amount of patient labor" bestowed upon it, seemingly "the work of a lifetime," and regarded its author as something of an artistic superman. Reporters and editors who called Bullard one of the "first rate" or "front rank" "artists of our country" and "a self taught

[12] Beloit (Wis.) *Journal*, Oct. 20, Nov. 2, 1853; Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, Nov. 26, 1850; Portland *Advertiser*, Sept. *17, 1851; Toledo *Blade*, March 29, 1856, April 7, 1858; Kenosha (Wis.) *Telegraph*, Sept. *23, 1853; Norton, *11, 15, *cover; Lockport *Niagara Democrat*, March 27, 1851; Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, Nov. *9, 1855; Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, June 15, 1853; Bangor *Whig and Courier*, Jan. 16, 1852; Chicago *Democratic Press*, Sept. 20, 1853; Montpelier Poster. A detailed description of the route of Bullard's Panorama of New York is too long to be included in this article.

American of great genius" whose "countrymen owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude," were, of course, exaggerating. But seemingly judicious appraisals agreed that "many portions of it [spoke] highly for the genius of the artist," having been "executed with a boldness of design, a delicacy of touch and a faithfulness to nature that none but a masterly hand could have conceived."[13]

The moving panorama, as exhibited over the country, combined elements of theatrical entertainment and Chautauqual lectures with the appeal of an art gallery. At a time when the population was highly mobile and predominantly rural, this bringing of pictorial knowledge and rational amusement directly to the people was a useful cultural service, extending even into the economic realm. While some of the Western river panoramas pictured the growing opportunities for new settlements there, others like Bullard's featured the facilities for selling Western products in the coastal and world markets. The new panoramic system, as developed in this country against an earlier European background, was especially adapted to 19th-century American needs.[14]

The managers of the New York panorama exhibits were its two proprietors: Otis A. Bullard, the artist, and George Doel, the financier; and their first managing agent: Albert Norton, a New Englander. People were hired for other services as needed along the itinerary. The exhibitors gained attention and interest for the panorama through picture posters and playbills in the halls and public places, personal contacts, and daily press adver-

[13] Springfield *Republican*, Nov. 26, 1850; Rochester *American*, Dec. *25, 28, 1850; Syracuse *Journal*, March 11, 14, 1853; Kenosha *Telegraph*, Sept. *23, 1853; Cleveland *Leader*, Feb. *26, 1858; Indianapolis, *Indiana State Sentinel*, May *1, *11, 20, 1854; Lockport *Niagara Democrat*, March *20, 27, 1851; Bangor *Whig and Courier*, Jan. 15, 1852; Toledo *Blade*, April 9, 26, 1858; Chicago *Democratic Press*, Sept. 20, 1853; Norton, 3, 7, 8, 14, 15, *cover; *Worcester Poster; New York *Home Journal*, Jan. 1, 1853; Portland *Advertiser*, Sept. *17, *20, 1851; Rockford (Ill.) *Forum*, Nov. 9, 1853; Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, Nov. *16, 1855.

[14] John Francis McDermott, *The Lost Panoramas of the Mississippi* (Chicago: 1958); J. E. Arrington, "William Burr's Panorama of the St. Lawrence River," *Ontario History*, Summer 1959.

tisements. Public response was also influenced by editorial opinion, based on personal attendance at the shows and by brochure-publication of collections of favorable press comments and statements solicited from prominent people.

Besides the regular theaters, where these existed, the exhibitors placed their panorama in whatever popular assembly rooms were available along the road. It was exhibited in the social and municipal halls in urban centers and in churches and schools in rural places. The length of each stop depended upon the population—a day or two in villages which provided audiences of only a few hundred people and a week or longer in communities where daily attendance up to a thousand or more might be expected. In a few large cities the exhibition remained a month or more. In the exhibition hall special operators, having installed the cylinders "in the wings" behind the proscenium, controlled the movement of the canvas across the stage as directed. A special lecturer or narrator, who might be any one of the officials, explained the moving picture. These lectures consisted of a series of brief comments on individual scenes, together conveying a body of pertinent, factual knowledge of the city and its people. No prepared script has been found. Indications are that some lecturers talked from notes and some directly from the picture, selecting facts and telling stories of most interest to the audience. This was the new medium for promoting mass education and public entertainment throughout the country.

The painting was exhibited first, not in New York City where it was produced and of which it was a portrait, but in Connecticut and Massachusetts, under the title of "Panorama of Broadway." Press notices there informed the public that "this wonderful work of art" had been "executed entirely by Native Artists, expressly for exhibition in Europe," especially at the London World's Fair—a goal not fulfilled but which helped to create an impression of importance for the new production. The proprietors of "this great national work" also expressed a feeling of "national pride in presenting it to the American public." It

opened at the American Hall in Hartford, on November 15, 1850, and ran for several days, with evening performances at 7:30 P.M. and matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. Viewers gladly spent two hours watching what many believed to be "the most truthful and instructive painting of the kind ever executed." In Springfield, the opening was at Foote's Hall, on November 25th, and showings continued there also for a short time.[15]

The artist planned next to show his panorama of the Empire City to the people in New York State and spent a year on that itinerary. We find it opening at Concert Hall in Rochester, on December 19th, for a six-week run. Albert Norton, though an able manager, had failed in effective advance publicity; "on the first evening of the exhibition" the panorama "attracted scarcely a dozen visitors." These few, however, proved to be good advertisers; the second show was better attended and "Bullard's star of fortune was in the ascendant." Because the artist was "a native of western New York," the people felt "a sectional pride" in being "not behind the age in the fine arts." The press carried items on his life, emphasizing his humble beginnings and rapid rise to great achievement. Appeals were made both to those who had visited New York and would take pleasure in recognizing the familiar, and to those who had not been there but would enjoy seeing the novel and attractive sights of the great metropolis, in a comfortable hall without the personal sacrifices of travel. The panorama was also lauded as a good way of instructing the young. Attendance at successive performances during the first two weeks grew so much that "the largest public hall in the city was not capable of holding the eager crowds."[16]

The exhibition was moved to another hall for the first week in January 1851, with two shows daily and free admissions to the children of both Protestant and Catholic orphan asylums. Back at Concert Hall beginning January 6th, performances con-

[15] Hartford *Courant*, Nov. *11, 15, 1850; Springfield *Republican*, Nov. *25, 26, 1850. The unrolling of the canvas in two hours is only an hour less than the actual walking time over the route depicted, which the writer made by foot in three hours.

[16] Rochester *American*, Dec. 17, 19, 23, *25, 28, 31, 1850; Norton, 3, 9, *14.

tinued at half price for adults with all school children admitted free. The houses were over-crowded for a week, whereupon three daily shows were given on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—the earliest, at 11 A.M., being for country folks. From this success the artist decided to remain a week longer than intended. Then on January 15th, at a four o'clock performance with a large audience present, a near-tragic fire, starting from the stove, broke out. Part of Concert Hall "was enveloped in flames, the smoke bursting forth in thick volumes." Panic scattered "the audience . . . in confusion," but all escaped unharmed. Fortunately, "the panorama was saved entire," though the artist lost $500 worth of "fixtures and the accompaniments of his painting." The exhibition was transferred for the remainder of the week to a vacant hall, where Bullard offered a special honorary performance for the firemen who had heroically saved the valuable painting from destruction. On January 23d, after six rewarding weeks in Rochester, the show continued on its itinerary. The artist "was fast winning his way to success," "receiving his one and two hundred dollars" daily, and "the fame of his painting spread rapidly through the country."[17]

From Rochester the exhibition moved westward along the Erie Canal, stopping at every town and village to show the big city to the rural folk. "In Spencerport, Brockport, and Holley, over two weeks were passed," with liberal reward to the artist "for his years of toil, and the lavish expenditure." In one week at Albion, the two and three daily shows were attended by nearly three thousand people, who regarded the panorama as "one of the grandest works of the age." While there, "the village Select and District Schools, and Seminary and Academy visited in their respective bodies." Similar successes were enjoyed at Knowlesville and for four days at Medina, during which 3,000 people attended. In Lockport the opening on March 20th was supported by the editor, who urged all having "any taste for the beautiful to visit the great metropolis of America, in pantomime, at Saf-

[17] Rochester *American*, Jan. 1, 6, 10, 11, 15, *16, 18, 1851; Norton, 2, *6, *14.

ford's Hall." During the ensuing week it was "exhibited to crowded and admiring audiences in this village" and "visited also by all the schools of the place." The principals of the Union and Classical Schools gave written certificates of its merit. The show was at the Congregational Church of Pekin on March 27th and 28th and at the Baptist Church of Niagara Falls, with the Methodist minister's backing, on the 29th. Some of the local editors could "hardly find words to express the satisfaction . . . derived from repeated views of this remarkable work of art."[18]

The panorama then opened for a two-week run in Townsend Hall, Buffalo. Increasing numbers attended during the first week and in the second the painting was "visited by thousands of the citizens of Buffalo, and . . . elicited the most unqualified admiration." Newspaper reporters, impressed with "the gigantic energies of the Commercial Emporium," "the great enterprise and enlightened liberality of its business men, and the boldness and decision of its inhabitants," found "everything connected with the 'London of America' fraught with interest." They also commended the proprietors and their agent for their liberal and gentlemanly conduct.[19]

We do not know the full itinerary in New York for 1851, as the painting moved eastward across the State. It was shown in a Presbyterian Church at Lancaster near Buffalo on April 18th, at Lima on June 2d, at Bath, near the artist's home in Steuben County, on the 13th and 14th, and at City Hall in Syracuse from August 6th to 9th. The Syracuse school children attended in a body and other performances in the hall were reportedly crowded and "immensely popular with all classes." Throughout New York, patrons and press alike were outspokenly pleased with the panorama "by New York's favorite artist, O. A. Bullard," and with the "witty and amusing style" of his accompanying lectures.[20]

[18] Lockport *Niagara Democrat*, March *20, *27, 1851; Montpelier Poster; Norton, *2, 7, 8, *12, *13, 14–16.

[19] Norton, *15, *16.

[20] Lockport *Niagara Democrat*, March 20, 1851; Syracuse *Journal*, Aug. 6, 7, *8,

The show traveled in New England during the rest of 1851 and the first half of 1852. It was in Manchester, New Hampshire, in early September, and opened in Portland, Maine, on September 16th, for a two-week run at the Temple Street Church, where it was shown twice daily. The Portland papers published a biographical sketch of the artist, headed by his portrait, which was adopted as a regular press-release for all future openings of the exhibit. The painting was taken to Gorham early in October and shown at the Maine Female Seminary, whose principal praised the artist's skill in depicting "the 'men, women and things' of our great American Babel." It was at Biddeford on October 14th for three days, with nearly four thousand people attending, then returned to Portland on the 25th for another week, this time in Libby's Hall.[21]

During the next few weeks, the panorama had "a very successful exhibition upon the Kennebec" River in Maine, stopping at Hallowell on the way up river and again on the return trip, when 700 persons attended. Early in January 1852 the painting was at the Rockland Congregational Church, whose pastor, besides commending "the high excellence" of the art work, praised Norton for "his promptness and energy and decision," which insured perfect order and satisfaction among the large audiences there. Then, at Bangor City Hall (January 14–17) the panorama appeared to viewers as revealing "New York all alive," with "just that fresh, lively, and comeatable character calculated to please everybody." Albert Norton, who staged the performance, was himself a Bangor man. The local editor reported that "our indomitable Norton has fairly *taken* the city with the beauty, interest and excitement of Bullard's fine panorama of New York." In the afternoon "the scholars go along the streets in lively procession and the City Hall is thronged with these juvenile ad-

9, 1851; Syracuse *Carson League*, Aug. 7, 1851; Syracuse *Star*, Aug. *8, 1851; Montpelier Poster; Norton, 2 *11, *cover.

[21] Portland *Advertiser*, Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20, 1851; Portland *Transcript*, Sept. 20, 25, 27, Oct. 25, 1851; Saco *Maine Democrat*, Oct. *14, 1851; Portland *Eastern Argus*, Sept. 18, 19, 20, 26, 1851; Bangor *Whig and Courier*, Jan. 14, 1852.

mirers of the wonders spread before them, while their parents and adult friends are equally absorbed with this beautiful specimen of art."[22]

Here we lose trace of the itinerary for a few months, but the show was at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on May 1st, and Newburyport, Massachusetts, on May 13th, 1852. The artist, T. H. Matteson, reported it in Sherburne, Chenango County, New York, on September 28th, and several hundred people saw it in New York Central College at McGrawville, Cortland County, New York, in the latter part of October. There Prof. Akin paid it homage as "one of the greatest triumphs of artistic genius." Playbills advertised it at East Montpelier (October 31st), Plainfield Village (November 1st), Worcester Village (November 3d), Thetford Center (November 27th), and Northfield—all in Vermont, where the lectures were given variously by Doel, Norton, and D. C. Damon, a new assistant. President Stephen W. Taylor reported it as at Madison University in Hamilton, New York, on November 13th.[23]

During the next six months, the panorama went through western New York again on its way to the other Lake States. Admission remained 25 cents, with special rates of five tickets for $1.00 or eight for $1.50. The exhibition was given in Rome late in 1852 or early in 1853. At an unnamed town where the painting had been two years previously, some 1,500 citizens found "the colors . . . more soft and subdued than when we first saw it." It was at Wieting Hall in Syracuse (March 11–15, 1853), with both Bullard and Doel giving the lectures. Editors reported that "thousands of our citizens have witnessed it" with universal satisfaction, 1,100 attending on the last day despite a storm. Each viewer, it was said, felt as if he "were mixing in the crowd" and helping to "create the noise and bustle." Rochester, where the

[22] Bangor *Whig and Courier*, Jan. *14, *15, *16, 17, 1852.

[23] Newburyport (Mass.) *Herald*, May 13, 1852; Portsmouth (N.H.) *Journal*, May 1, 1852; *Montpelier Poster; Groce & Wallace, 431. The excursions from New England into New York in such a tight schedule might indicate that Bullard's second panorama or a copy of his original was in use at this time, but the evidence is too slight for certainty.

panorama had "acquired immense popularity," was notified in April that it would be coming again, but no record shows its arrival there. It did, however, make its second appearance in Buffalo (May 7th to 14th), being shown twice daily, and the press discussion of it as "a Mammoth Advertising Medium for New York City" was reprinted in other western papers.[24]

The traveling show continued westward to the cities along the shores of Lake Erie, "meeting with the most unbounded success." About 1,500 persons attended it in Erie, Pennsylvania. Opening in Cleveland (June 13th), seven or eight hundred persons saw its first performance. On the second day over a thousand public school children attended the matinee and another thousand adults came in the evening and on succeeding evenings. The panorama was reportedly "all the rage," no other exhibition in Cleveland having been "so universally popular," or so successful in "making money." When the show closed on June 18th, some six thousand Clevelanders had seen it and others protested its departure. The picture was on view in Ohio City (June 20–23), Lorain, Sandusky (June 30–July 2), Toledo (July 13–15), Detroit (July 16–23), then Pontiac, Monroe, and Adrien, Michigan.[25]

It had reached Chicago by September 16, 1853, for a run in Tremont Hall until the 24th. Extra matinees were held to accommodate the crowds. During that week a total of 6,000 persons learned just "how the Empire City looks in every day life." The management proceeded northward along the lake shore to Waukegan, Illinois, where the Baptist Church served as theater

[24] Syracuse *Journal*, March 9, *11, *12, 14, *15, 1853; Syracuse *Carson League*, March 10, 1853; *The Home Journal*, Jan. 1, 1853; Syracuse *Central New Yorker*, in Waukegan *Gazette*, Sept. 24, 1853; Indianapolis *Indiana Journal*, May *20, 1854, reprint of Buffalo's article on the "Mammoth Advertising Medium"; Rochester *American*, April *27, 1853; Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, May 9, 11, *12, 13–14, 1853.

[25] Cleveland *Herald*, June 11, 17, 18, 20, 1853; Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, June 4, *8, 14, 15, *16, *17, 18, 20, 22, 1853; Cleveland *True Democrat*, May 31, June 14–20, 1853; Indianapolis *Indiana State Sentinel*, May 11, 16, 1854; Chicago *Democratic Press*, Sept. 15, 1853; Sandusky *Commercial Register*, June 25, 27, 29, 30, July 1, *2, 1853; Toledo *Blade*, July 14, 1853; Detroit *Advertiser*, July 11, 25, 1853; Milwaukee *Sentinel*, July 28, 1853; Detroit *Free Press*, July 13, 20, 21, 1853.

NEW YORK CITY!

BULLARD'S

PANORAMA

OF

NEW YORK CITY!

Embracing One and a half Miles of Shipping, the Battery, Castle Garden, and the Every-day Life in

BROADWAY;

With Perspective Views of Forty-five streets leading from that far-famed thoroughfare; together with Views of other Streets, Buildings, and Objects of Interest in other parts of the

GREAT COMMERCIAL EMPORIUM.

WILL BE EXHIBITED AT

ROCKFORD,

In the City Hall,

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, & SATURDAY EVENINGS,

November 3d, 4th and 5th, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

ALSO,

FRIDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,

November 4th and 5th, at 3 o'clock.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Children Half Price.

Families and Parties 5 Persons, - - - - $1.00
" " 8 " - - - - $1.50

THE PANORAMA COMMENCES WITH A

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WHOLE CITY.

The beholder then has a view of the North and East Rivers, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, Governor's Island, with its Forts and Barracks, Fort Hamilton, Staten Island, Quarantine, and the Narrows, thus giving him a view of the Panorama and view New York

JERSEY CITY FERRY, FOOT OF CORTLAND-STREET.

It is almost impossible to mention all the objects of interest represented, but those mentioned in the bill are among some of the most important.

Seamen's Floating Church, Steamboats, Barges,

DISTANT VIEW OF

Jersey City, Bethel Chapel for Seamen, Ships, Barques, &c., from various Ports, Boston and Philadelphia Steamboats, Barges and Brigs, Lines of Packet Ships.

CASTLE GARDEN,

Floating Baths, BATTERY, Bay and Islands, Forts Office, Staten Island and South Ferries, Canal Boats and East River Shipping, Whitehall Street.

MORE THAN ONE MILE OF SHIPPING

VIEW OF

BOWLING GREEN AND FOUNTAIN.

THE PANORAMA OF

NEW YORK CITY

THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY GENERAL WASHINGTON,

VIEW OF UNION PARK!

WITH FOURTH AVENUE AND RAIL ROAD, FROM UNION-PLACE HOTEL.

The following are some of the scenes represented on the Panorama, as seen on the street B. P. scene:

Funeral Procession of General Worth, Col. Duncan, and Major Gates,

MARSHAL, STAFFS OF HONOR, AND BANDS OF MUSIC, SURVIVING OFFICERS OF THE WAR OF 1812 AND 1847,

New York Volunteers Returned from the Mexican War.

Continentals with Dodworth's Band of Music. Procession of Odd Fellows, to the Anniversary of Odd Fellows Hall. City Guards with Governors Island Band. Hearse and Carriage of a Private Funeral. Sabbath School Procession. Scotch Highlanders with Bagpipes. Society Hose on a large Exhibition Car. Morris Troop of Horsemen in full uniform. Scene of a Fire, and confusion in Broadway as it occurs.

(September 26–28), then on to Kenosha, Wisconsin (September 29–October 1), while the local country fair was in progress. At Racine (October 3–6) it was highly recommended to the public by the president of Racine College. The painting was in Milwaukee, at Young's Hall (October 7–12), drawing an initial audience of from five to six hundred and larger numbers the following nights, and at Birchard's Hall (October 14–21), under the new management of R. B. Danson, and offering two performances daily.[28]

The itinerary now turned southward from the lake shore to Janesville (October 26–29), then to Beloit (October 31–November 2), where the opening house was "completely thronged" and "very many were turned away from the doors." Moving back into Illinois, the exhibition opened

[28] Chicago *Democratic Press*, Sept. 15, 18, 20, 26, 1853; Waukegan *Gazette*, Sept. 17, 24, 1853; Kenosha *Telegraph*, Sept. 16, *23, 30, 1853; Beloit *Journal*, Oct. 20, 1853; Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Oct. 6, 7, 10, 1853.

* The playbill at left is reproduced by courtesy of the Rockland, Ill., Public Library.

for three days in Rockford (November 3–5), being judged "incomparably superior to anything of the kind we have ever seen in the west" and "worth all the puppet shows of the day." After one more stop at Freeport, we lose trace of the show for the remainder of 1853. Bullard's death had just been reported from New York and thereafter the exhibition was fully in the hands of his associates.[27]

Early in 1854 the manager started on tour "in all the principal cities in Ohio." We find the show in Springfield (January 27–31) and in Columbus (February 10–15), the lecturer being George Doel, now probably the sole proprietor. It was hailed as a "splendid triumph of art." After a good run in Dayton (April 18–25), the exhibition moved into Indiana to cover the main towns there. In Indianapolis (May 15–20) its patronage totalled 2,000 during the first three days and well over a thousand on succeeding days. Here we lose trace of the itinerary in the West, but find it again in the East at the close of 1854. The panorama was at Baltimore (October 20–November 11) and at Odd Fellows Hall, Washington, D.C. (November 28–December 9). At both places it was well received and well attended.[28]

Most of the itinerary for 1855 has not been determined, though reportedly "viewed with the greatest interest by thousands." An important stop was Pittsburgh (November 1–24), where the exhibition opened in Masonic Hall to the accompaniment of a fine band of music, with lectures by Doel or Norton or a new narrator, H. M. Spaulding. The universal admiration of the brilliant scenes, the editor of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* felt,

[27] Beloit *Journal*, Oct. 20, Nov. *2, 1853; Chicago *Democratic Press*, Sept. 26, 1853; Janesville (Wis.) *Free Press*, Nov. 1, 1853; Rockford (Ill.) *Forum*, Nov. 2, 29, 1853; Rock River *Democrat*, Nov. 1, *8, 18, 1853; Cleveland *Herald*, Jan. 25, 1854; Herbert J. Tepper, Wisconsin State Historical Society, to the writer, Madison, Wis., Sept. 30, 1959; the New York *Times*, *Tribune*, and *Herald*, all dated Oct. 14, 1853.

[28] Cleveland *Forest City Democrat*, Jan. *23, 1854; Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, Feb. 7, *11, 1854; Dayton (Ohio) *Journal and Advertiser*, April 18, 25, 1854; Indianapolis *Indiana State Sentinel*, May 9, 11, 16, 18, 1854; Washington, D.C., *National Intelligencer*, Nov. 25, 1854; Washington, D.C., *National Era*, Nov. 30, 1854; Baltimore *Sun*, Oct. 20, 1854; Cleveland *Herald*, Jan. 25, 1854; Indianapolis *Indiana Journal*, May 9, 1854; Charles Finsley, Clark County Historical Society, to writer, Springfield, Ohio, Sept. 16, 1959.

was exalted by the realization "that the artistic hand, which had wrought such miracles of beauty" had been stilled. During this Pittsburgh run, 25,000 people viewed the picture, of whom 3,000 attended three performances on Thanksgiving Day alone. During the last week of the month, the panorama was in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, where 5,000 more people came to enjoy it.[29]

Next the proprietor went down the Ohio River to Cincinnati, for a run in Masonic Hall (December 11, 1855–January 1, 1856). Menter's Band played a musical accompaniment for the moving scenes. The subject was very attractive for these Midwesterners whose press gave more space to news about New York City than to reports of any other city in the country. The editor of the *Cincinnati Gazette* welcomed and praised this "counterfeit of 'Gotham'" but wished "some good artist would represent on canvass our own city as beautiful[ly]." Attendance averaged a thousand daily—making a total of 20,000 during the stay in Cincinnati. Two performances were then given in nearby Covington, Kentucky, but plans for a showing in Louisville at this time may not have been carried out.[30]

The panorama returned to Indianapolis (February 1–2, 1856), then visited Terre Haute, Indiana, enjoyed an attendance of 5,000 during a week's return-engagement in Cleveland, went on to Toledo (March 31–April 5), and then passed from the record for eight months. A planned showing in St. Louis at this time seems not to have taken place. Not until December 1856 do we find mention of it again. By then it was in Montpelier, Vermont, where Governor Ryland Fletcher, delighted with its portrayal "of the great metropolis of this great Republic," thought it had "surpassing merit." It also appeared in other Vermont towns—certainly in Woodstock and Proctorville.[31]

[29] Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, Nov. *1, 3, 7–9, *13, 14, 16, 19–30, Dec. 10, 1855.

[30] *Ibid.*, Nov. 8, 1855; Cincinnati *Gazette*, Dec. 10, 11, 12, 13, *14, 15–19, *22, 24, 27, 31, 1855, Jan. 1, 1856.

[31] Toledo *Blade*, March 29, 31, April 4, 1856; Cleveland *Herald*, Feb. 24, 1858; Indianapolis *Indiana State Sentinel*, Jan. 28, Feb. 1, 2, 1856; Indianapolis *Indiana*

No trace of the itinerary in 1857 has been found, except at the German Theater in Des Moines, Iowa (August 3–8), where admirers felt this exhibition was "worth a dozen circuses." It was reported next back in Cincinnati, probably in January 1858, when a drama of "The Poor in New York" was at the Woods Theater. It opened again in Cleveland on February 24, 1858, when the city granted a free license to "the very energetic and gentlemanly proprietor," Albert Norton, whose explanatory lectures were reported to be "illustrative of New York City, its statistics, business and resources, its people, [and] their go-ahead-a-tive-ness." An alternate lecturer, one A. Williams, also gave, "without any flourish, a vast fund of interesting information about the Metropolis and [*so thought a Cleveland journalist*] in a manner that is inimitable. He has a deal of quiet humor, which he knows well how to use." Hecker's Brass Band accompanied the panorama, "to enliven its representation." Audiences averaging a thousand daily were reportedly held spellbound by the moving canvas. The receipts of March 8th and 9th were donated to the Industrial School of the city. Then the show moved out to Sanford's Hall on the West Side, for performances until March 13th. The total attendance in Cleveland was about 13,000.[32]

The painting returned for a time to Buffalo, reappeared in Toledo (April 8–10, 1858), then moved on to Detroit for showings in the Congregational Church (April 16–24). We find it next in Massachusetts, in the Town Hall of Hadley, the Agricultural Hall in Amherst, and in the towns of Belcherton, Enfield, Ware, and Palmer, during September. The halls were lighted both in the afternoon and at night with 144 lamps. The

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Journal, Feb. 1, 1856; *Worcester Poster; Kenneth B. Holmes, State Historical Society of Missouri, to writer, Columbia, Mo., July 27, 1959.

[32] Cleveland *Herald*, Feb. *24, 25–27, March 1, 2, 12, 13, April 15, 1858; Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Feb. *24, 25–27, March *1, *2, 3–12, 1858; Cleveland *Leader*, March 2, 3, 1858; Cincinnati *Gazette*, Jan. *27, 1858; Joseph S. Schick, *The Early Theater in Eastern Iowa* (Chicago: 1939), *137–38, 257–58.

exhibition opened in Worcester (October 7–13, 1858), with Dr. J. H. Lillie as Norton's agent and lecturer. Here the feelings of one visitor came out in a lengthy rhyme, part of which runs: "Joy of all beholders, / Bullard's panorama! / With its welcome lesson / Truthful as a drama!"[33]

A national magazine reported in 1859 that the celebrated panorama was then being exhibited "throughout the country with the greatest success." We know it was at Mechanics' Hall in Portland (December 6–10), still under Albert Norton's proprietorship, with Williams giving the lectures and Joseph Norton, Jr., acting as agent. We also find traces of the painting on itineraries in the 1860s: at Milwaukee once more (September 1864), with R.B. Danson as manager and Smith as lecturer; at Toledo (April 1867), with D. Wellever as manager and Smith as lecturer; and at Detroit (May 1867), under the same management and still able "to entertain, please, attract . . . and delight." Here we completely lose sight of Bullard's original panorama, after seventeen years of service as a traveling theater. Its final fate is unknown, but long, excessive usage presumably contributed to its destruction—a loss to American cultural history that must be deplored.[34]

Besides his original panorama, which some critics thought "a little too long to be all viewed at one exhibition," Bullard painted another shorter one sometime before his death in 1853. Entitled "Mirror of New York City," it consisted of "25 distinct and separate views," "each on a separate canvas 96 feet long," making a combined length of 2400 feet. It must therefore have been a moving painting like the original but (its scenes being more selective) not so consecutive a representation of a street or streets

[33] Toledo *Blade,* April 7, 9, 1858; Cleveland *Herald,* March 6, 1858; Detroit *Advertiser,* April 15, 17, 1858; Detroit *Free Press,* April 16, 17, 1858; Worcester *Spy,* Sept. 30, 1858; Amhert (Mass.) *Hampshire and Franklin Express,* Sept. 10, 1858; *Worcester Poster.

[34] *Ballou's,* April *9, 1859; Portland *Advertiser,* Dec. 2, 6, 1859; Milwaukee *Sentinel,* Sept. 14, 1864; Toledo *Blade,* April 24–26, 1867; Detroit *Free Press,* May *24, 1867.

as the original. The first known showing of a "Mirror of New York" was reported on February 7, 1854, without identification of the artist, at Columbus, Ohio, thus preceding Bullard's original panorama there by three days. A published denial that the "Mirror" had any connection with Bullard's work seems merely to have been the tactics of competing proprietors. Again we find the two panoramas showing separately at Cleveland in 1858. The first, designated "New York City *as it is*," left the city in March, while the second, under the billing "New York *as it now really is*," opened for a week's run in the same hall on April 8th. It came highly recommended by Congressman J. R. Giddings, who had presumably seen it earlier in the National Capital as Wheeler's panorama of New York.[35]

The Cleveland press provides clarification of this confusion of titles in stating that Wheeler's panorama "is not the same as was exhibited here recently by Mr. Norton [i.e., Bullard's original]. This painting is pronounced by all as a perfect picture of New York as it now *really* is—being painted by O. A. Bullard up to the time of his death in 1853" and "undoubtedly his greatest work." The "Mirror" had reportedly "drawn crowded houses in other cities" and was also well received in Cleveland. It gave "a complete and vivid view of New York by gas-light, by day light and at sunset." The meager descriptions of it seem to indicate a copy of some of the subjects from the original, such as a portrait of editor N. Parker Willis and street views of horses and omnibuses. But there were new subjects too: the interior of Barnum's museum, for instance, and the "Five Points" section. The narrator was a dialect-speaking American whose picturesque language was so appreciated by editors that they reproduced parts of it in the press. The itinerary of this exhibition has not been traced.[36]

[35] Portland *Advertiser*, Sept. *20, 1858; Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, April *8, 1858; Montpelier Poster; Norton, cover; Columbus *State Journal*, Feb. 7, 1854; Cleveland *Herald*, April *8, 1858.

[36] Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, April *8, 1858; Cleveland *Herald*, April *8, 9-14, 1858.

A third work, "The Great Panorama of New York City," was produced in 1878 by George W. Bullard & Co., whose senior member was O. A. Bullard's 27-year-old son. George W. spent most of his short life, however, as a "skilled jeweler, watchmaker and fine engraver." He died November 18, 1891, and was buried in the family lot at Howard, New York. His main co-worker on the new panorama was the artist, Joseph A. Bruce, who had come from England in 1852 and painted the "Gigantic Illustrations of the Russian War" in 1856. Bruce lived in New York until 1871 and in Brooklyn until about 1895. He spent three years painting "The Great Panorama" in his studio at 600 Broadway. The finished work consisted of 65 scenes "painted on 10,000 feet of moving canvas, and costing upwards of $20,000." The 1878 playbill said of it:[37]

Every Scene is taken from actual life, and is a finished Work of Art. It shows the city as it is today [1878]; thirty miles of its streets, with hundreds of prominent buildings, thousands of men, women, and children as as they appear in daily life; the homes of the Upper Tens and Lower Millions; Gambling Houses, where the unwary are entrapped. The Mammoth Steamers, the Floating Palaces that bewilder with their magnificence. Among the Newsboys, Bootblacks, Street and Wharf Rats—how and where they live. A trip to CENTRAL PARK, among the gorgeous scenery, romantic walks, beautiful LAKES, unequalled Prominades and Drives. The BEACH and CONEY ISLAND, where the crowds of Bathers are seen in the roaring surf.

This new panorama contained a bird's-eye view of the city from Central Park and such Broadway features as the Tombs, Astor House, Atlantic Gardens, St. Nicholas Hotel, Broadway Bank, Trinity and Grace Churches, Astor Library at Lafayette Place, Stewart's Store, Union Square, and a parade of the 7th Regiment. Also pictured were the old Dutch Church on Nassau Street, the Warren Street fire, the Bowery Theater and dancing

[37] George W. Bullard & Co., *two playbills of "The Great Panorama of New York City" (copies at American Antiquarian Society); Chapman to writer, Aug. *14, 1959; Razey to writer, Aug. 19, 1959; Groce & Wallace, *91; New York *Herald,* June 9, 20, 1856.

MECHANICS HALL.

Wednesday Evening, March 12. Matinee Wednesday Afternoon.

BULLARD & CO.'S

GRAND

MECHANICAL, MUSICAL

AND

ARTISTIC

EXHIBITION

Consisting of Bullard's BRAN NEW

PANORAMA OF NEW YORK CITY

Painted on 10,000 feet of Moving Canvas, and costing upwards of $30,000. The Finest Paintings in America.

THE

ORIGINAL ROYAL MARIONETTES

Over Life-Size Mechanical Figures.

From London, England.

They have been on Exhibition for weeks at a time at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Chicago and other prominent Cities. They present

A New Novelty in the Amusement Line

Introducing a Variety of Amusing, Wonderful and Laughable Performances, consisting of

TIGHT ROPE DANCES, POLE DANCES, NEGRO EXTRAVAGANZAS, JUGGLING, CLOG DANCING, FANCY DANCING, &c., including the Great Act of

MARIONETTE PANTOMIME,

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BROADWAY,

Commencing at the BATTERY and going entirely CENTRAL PARK, its entire and [illegible] to the Grand Depot, Fourth Avenue, the [illegible] Broadway, with its [illegible] Stores, Hotels, Banks, Churches, Theatres, Omnibuses, Carriages, Horses and Vehicles, of every description, and [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life.

ASTOR HOUSE,

The [illegible] Hotel in the City of New York.

BROADWAY BANK AND COLLEGE PLACE.

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Showing the Entire Burning Block on the North Side, Burning Fiercely, and the Firemen at Work.

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A GRAND PAPER COSTUME BALL,

Given by the Proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

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Clearing Broadway of a [illegible] NEW YORK 7th REGIMENT, [illegible] DRUM CORPS [illegible] GILMORE'S CELEBRATED BAND [illegible] Broadway.

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A very Handsome Structure.

STEWART'S RETAIL DRY GOODS STORE,

One of the Lions of Broadway. THE LARGEST STORE IN THE World, [illegible] A CROWD OF [illegible] THE LION OF ABOVE BY THE 7th REGIMENT.

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A Splendid Work of Art, Contrary to the City, THE LARGEST FREE LIBRARY IN THE WORLD.

SHIPPING SCENE ON THE EAST RIVER

THE OLD BOWERY THEATRE,

The Oldest Theatre in the City, [illegible] Thousands of Interesting

GERMAN LAGER BEER SALOON KNOWN AS THE ATLANTIC GARDEN

INSIDE OF THE BOWERY DANCING SALOON,

With a view of the Interior.

CENTRAL PARK,

The Grandest Pleasure Ground in the World, Larger than Hyde Park, the Grand Entrance, Lenox, &c. GRAND SKATING CARNIVAL in the Lake, showing [illegible] Skaters, [illegible] Ice Boats, [illegible] Sleighs, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles of the Citizens.

THE CROTON WATER WORKS

HERALD BUILDING and PARK BANK,

Both of Which are Located [illegible] NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING the Largest in the City. SOUTH FERRY and HAMILTON FERRY, [illegible] Ferry Boats, with their Large Freight Trains, [illegible] Passengers.

THE GREAT WASHINGTON MARKET,

Covering [illegible] Acres, [illegible] Stalls.

THE NEWS BOYS' HOME.

Where [illegible] Boys are Fed and Lodged Free of Charge.

THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE,

With Thousands of people entering and out, [illegible] U. S. MAIL WAGONS with some of [illegible]

CUSTOM HOUSE,

Both of [illegible] in the City, [illegible] and [illegible] Merchandise [illegible] Duties.

WALL STREET,

The Great Money Centre of the Country, showing the Large Banking Houses and the U. S. SUB TREASURY, Building in the Street, [illegible] Brokers, [illegible] Bankers, [illegible] Merchants, [illegible] Clerks, [illegible] Messengers, [illegible] Boys, [illegible] Carriages, [illegible] Horses, [illegible] Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life.

ASTOR LIBRARY,

Located on Lafayette Place, both and Astor Place, [illegible] Tower of brick STRUCTURE, looking [illegible] Cooper Institute, [illegible] ACADEMY OF MUSIC and THEATRE, [illegible] Lyceum Theatre.

THE BEAUTIFUL NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,

Located on Fourth Avenue, [illegible] Block, and [illegible] Fifth Avenue Hotel, [illegible] Brownstone Residences, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life.

BOOTH'S NEW THEATRE

The Handsomest Theatre in the City.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE,

FIFTH AVENUE SYNAGOGUE,

TOMBS CITY PRISON OF NEW YORK,

Showing the BLACK MARIA in the street—Police Arraigning with Prisoners.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

With a view of the Cathedral Orphan Asylum, [illegible] Institution of Orphan Children in the Extreme.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,

The Largest and Finest Hotel in the City, with a view of WELLINGTON'S STATUE.

LOOKING UP BROADWAY FROM ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.

Showing [illegible] Hotels on the Avenue, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life.

STEWART'S NEW RESIDENCE,

Built of White Marble, to cost [illegible] when [illegible] over $2,000,000, the Most Magnificent Residence in America. From the Marble Palace, we will make a [illegible] to the BOWERY, FIFTY-NINTH STREET, [illegible] Horse Railroad Depot in the City. [illegible] Passengers waiting [illegible] to the people. Large [illegible] People [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life. [illegible] Depot, [illegible] Horse Railroad Cars [illegible] Passengers [illegible] Depot, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life.

THE GREAT ELEVATED RAILROAD DEPOT

[illegible] Passengers [illegible] Depot, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life.

HUDSON RIVER and the SHIPPING BUSINESS

CANAL ST., looking [illegible] THE BOWERY, [illegible] to commercial line of Street Cars. PUBLIC FERRY, with the Ferry Boats connected with passage [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life. [illegible] TRINITY CHURCH, standing in the centre of Broadway, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life. [illegible] WARERAT CONTEST. [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life. [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life.

INTERIOR OF THE LARGEST GAMBLING ESTABLISHMENT

In New York City, showing over thousands of our Young Men and others [illegible] every year [illegible] Gambling Hell of Satan, [illegible] by Gambling Proprietors [illegible] Gambling Tables, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life. [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life.

AN ELOQUENT LECTURE and EXCELLENT MUSIC ACCOMPANIES the PANORAMA

While Moving. For Time and Place of Exhibition, see other Side of Bill.

Remember, all Large Paintings unrolled each Evening. Let the Children attend as it is highly instructing to all, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, [illegible] Citizens, [illegible] Soldiers, [illegible] Sailors, [illegible] Horses and Vehicles, as they appear in every day life.

PLAYBILL OF GEORGE W. BULLARD & CO., MARCH 12, 1879

Courtesy of the American Antiquarian Society

saloon, a Fifth Avenue hotel, the Croton Water Works, a Wall Street Bank, and the Roosevelt Street slums. Hudson and East River shipping, an elevated railroad, the interior of a gambling house, a costume ball, skating in Central Park, the Washington Market, and the newboy's home, were among the other scenes depicted. This panorama, accompanied by the Royal Marionettes, was successfully exhibited, with George W. Bullard as lecturer, in various cities and towns of New England and elsewhere, at least during 1878–79. No further itinerary has been traced.[38]

None of the successors to Otis A. Bullard's original panorama of New York lasted so long or achieved such phenomenal success as it. As Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*, said: "it was reserved for O. A. Bullard to shadow forth our great metropolis to thousands in remote parts of the country, who otherwise could never have any distinct idea of the appearance of Gotham. And he has performed the task as no other man could, who has yet breathed the air of the New World." During its first eight years on the road (1850–1858), "one million persons [were estimated to] have visited Bullard's panorama in the United States and Canada," grossing for its producers and exhibitors some $250,000. And it still had before it nearly a decade of useful itinerant life. One mid-19th-century commentator hoped it might survive long enough to convey to the people of a future age the "deeply interesting story . . . of the opulence, the power, the refinement and high civilization of the people and generation of the present!" What a pictorial treasurehouse of the past it would be for us today! But all that is left of it is the scattered record, here brought together, of a social and cultural phenomenon peculiar to its time.[39]

[38] George W. Bullard & Co., *op. cit.*

[39] Cleveland *Herald*, Feb. 24, April *8, 1858; *Worcester Poster; Toledo *Blade*, April 9, 1858; Chicago *Democratic Press*, Sept. 20, 1853; Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Feb. 27, April *8, 1858; Detroit *Free Press*, May 24, 1867; Cincinnati *Gazette*, Dec. 15, 19, 1857; Waukegan *Gazette*, Sept. 24, 1853; Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, Nov. *12, 1855; Syracuse *Journal*, March 11, 1853.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Making of an American Community: A Case Study of Democracy in a Frontier County. By Merle Curti (with the assistance of Robert Daniel, Shaw Livermore, Jr., Joseph Van Hise, Margaret W. Curti). (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press,1959. vii + 483 pages, maps and charts, appendices, biblio. note, index. $8.50.)

Reviewed by Philip L. White, *Assistant Professor of History, University of Chicago.*

This is a difficult but important book. In it Merle Curti, one of the nation's top intellectual historians, has undertaken with the assistance of a considerable staff to test two highly controversial propositions: (1) that historical writing can be objective, (2) that the most important effect of the frontier was the promotion of democracy. The intent was to quantify inordinate amounts of data, mostly from census reports, on the early history of Trempealeau County, Wisconsin, to ascertain whether such objective information would sustain or refute the Turner thesis.

The objective statistical data established a number of interesting points. After only a brief residence in the county Polish and Irish immigrants were distinctly better off than the more highly regarded Norwegians. This contradicts traditional belief. The "have-not" status of people who appear from the census reports to be farm laborers is questionable. Many owned considerable property. Moving on was widespread in all groups and certainly no indication of failure. Immigrants in general did move rather rapidly toward economic equality with native Americans. The "differential gain hypothesis" (that the poor improved their lot more rapidly than the rich) is much touted, but seems dubious to the reviewer because the index of wealth appears to be possession of real property and some items of tangible personal property but not such intangible personal property as stocks, bonds, and mortgages. Nevertheless the point is made: the use of machines and quantified data can establish with precision conclusions of much value to historians. Objective history can be written.

The attempt to evaluate the Turner thesis with objectivity, however, does not come off. The definition of democracy is as vague as Turner's and certainly highly subjective. That there is no firm endorsement or rejection of the Turner thesis perhaps constitutes tacit admission of failure. The thesis must remain a brilliant insight of only partial validity.

Devotees of the old-fashioned historical methods may take pleasure in the knowledge that these mountainous statistical labors have brought forth only mouse-like historical conclusions. They should be pleased, too, that some of the most rewarding parts of the book are based on such long-tested sources as newspapers, local government records, diaries,

old local histories, letters, and reminiscences. Without these conventional sources subjectively interpreted this description and analysis of the growth of a frontier community would have lost the major portion of its very real worth.

Baseball: The Early Years. By HAROLD SEYMOUR. (New York: Oxford University Press, 1960. x + 373 pages, illus., biblio. note, index. $7.50.)

Reviewed by ROBERT W. HENDERSON, *Librarian, Racquet & Tennis Club, N.Y.C., author of* Ball, Bat and Bishop: the Origin of Ball Games.

Many books have been written on baseball, practically all of them by professional sporting writers. These gentlemen are adept at recreating the excitement of a ball game, but, alas, they evince little respect for research. Dr. Seymour's contribution is the first scholarly history of baseball, the result of painstaking research over many years. It is an extension and popularization of his thesis for his Ph.D. degree at Cornell University, which adds to its authority while in nowise diminishing its readability. This, the first of two volumes, covers the years 1744 to 1903.

The author places baseball in the perspective of American history as an important social phenomenon. He traces the game from its amorphous origins, through its evolution from a simple boyish pastime to a polite amateur "exercise" for gentlemen, and then into a highly organized business monopoly in the hands of professional promoters and players.

Seymour once more recapitulates the abundant evidence demonstrating that the so-called "origin" of baseball by General Abner Doubleday at Cooperstown, N.Y., is a myth. How many more books are necessary before the Cooperstown authorities will admit the truth, and revise some of their "historic" markers?

It is shown dramatically how, during the 1860s, amateurism gradually gave way to professionalism with all its concomitant evils. The entire ethic of baseball changed from one of sport to one of victory "by any possible method," fair or foul. Rules were frequently violated, trickery and tactics hitherto considered unsportsmanlike were not only accepted, but acclaimed in the new passion for victory. Hypocrisy reigned, hidden salaries of players became commonplace, and even induced a form of graft. Boss Tweed, a "fan," helped local teams by putting players on the New York City payroll to the tune of $30,000 annually. Yet Seymour weakly upholds professionalism as infusing a spirit of vigor into baseball, while inconsistently bemoaning "the inevitable loss of its character as a sport."

Once it was professionalized, baseball became a business, and it is of this phase that Seymour treats, demonstrating how it reflected the methods, if not influenced the development, of industrial society around it. The tendency of big business to become a monopoly is forcefully illus-

trated in the history of baseball, for by 1890 it was "an undisguised monopoly." It should be noted that enough of the high points of baseball as a game are included to keep the "fan" interested.

Enlarging on the monopoly theme, Seymour gathers evidence of the bitter, sometimes ruthless struggles between owners (management) and players (labor), and between competing teams and associations. After much confusion a functioning, commercial, amusement business organization was firmly established, and just as in other businesses, it was necessary to work out a labor policy. We are led through much internal dissension, a surprising amount of corruption of both players and owners, and through five trade wars, including a player uprising.

Although a "Bibliographical Note" gives a general idea of the author's sources, unfortunately the text is not documented—a concession to the popular reader. Hence anyone wishing to check references, or to use Seymour as a basis for further research, would be considerably handicapped. Nevertheless the book will remain for some time the basic reference for baseball history.

The Little War of Private Post. By Charles Johnson Post. (Boston and Toronto: Little, Brown and Company, 1960. xii + 340 pages, illus., $6.50.)

Reviewed by James J. Heslin.

The two great wars in which the United States participated during this century have tended to relegate the brief Spanish-American War of 1898 to a minor place in history. The experiences of that War were significant, however, to the men involved, as this memoir by Charles Johnson Post attests.

Prior to the War, Post had worked as a cartoonist in Philadelphia and New York. When hostilities began against Spain in April 1898, Post enlisted in the New York Seventy-first Regiment and reported for training to Camp Black on Hempstead Plains, Long Island. Here he endured with good humor the usual trials of the new recruit: ill-fitting uniforms, constant drilling, and the vagaries of Army cooking. This phase of his military career was not unpleasant as he cheerfully recalled, but the invasion of Cuba in 1898 was a different matter.

The Seventy-first suffered heavy casualties during the siege of Santiago. To the dangers of fighting were added the hazards of disease and inefficient medical care. Dysentery, malaria, yellow fever were prevalent.

Despite the ordeals he suffered, Post did not become embittered. He returned to New York and, after grim experiences in an Army hospital camp at Montauk, Long Island, was admitted to Roosevelt Hospital where it was necessary for him to remain for three months.

It would be regrettable if, in the tide of books about longer and more costly wars, this excellent account of the Spanish-American War were overlooked. Accompanying this spirited memoir of a plucky soldier are twenty illustrations, four in color, from original sketches drawn by Post while on duty.

La Guardia: A Fighter Against His Times, 1882–1933. By Arthur Mann. (Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1959. 384 pages, notes on sources, index. $6.00.)

Reviewed by Steven C. Swett, *of the* Wall Street Journal.

Fiorello H. La Guardia, New York Assemblyman, Congressman, and Mayor, worked hard at living and helping other people to live better. His biographer, an associate professor of history at Smith College, has worked as hard, and eminently successfully, at giving us the how and why of the formative years of the public life of this vivid personality. Professor Mann has done so in the best traditions of historical scholarship. Here, in the first volume (1882–1933) of a two-part biography, he uncovers new ground, sets the record straight on other points, and rather skillfully integrates La Guardia with his time.

Until this book, which takes La Guardia from birth to just before his election as mayor of New York City, information about this colorful, vividly remembered figure had remained largely undigested as notes, letters and papers in the New York City Archives, unrecorded personal memoirs, and subjective reminiscences. Now, with Mann's detailed but rarely labored study, the serious student and the casual reader have a rich, orderly, often exciting synthesis of this "fighter against his times," as Mann aptly dubs him.

The author sees La Guardia as a pragmatic, pugnacious Italo-American who toiled mightily to turn to his and others' advantage his own handicaps of race, nationality, and religion. If he began his public life as a "marginal" man—always living on the edge of society—through politics he became a strong leader and thereby a significant figure in the coming of age of Italo-Americans in government. Professor Mann best illustrates this change in his meticulous description of the personal political machine of the "Little Flower." La Guardia's evolution of this machine enabled him to move from Republican to Progressive to Democrat without making that irrevocable commitment to ideology or organization which hamstrings less-confident politicians. Furthermore, this machine, based as it was on loyalty and personality rather than on graft or naked power, enabled him eventually to lead a reform movement in the city that neither Seth Low nor John Purroy Mitchell, his two 20th-century predecessors as reform mayors, was able to do. But since Pro-

fessor Mann undoubtedly will describe this movement in more detail in his second volume, it's enough to say here that its origins have been expertly set forth.

His analysis of La Guardia's Washington years, despite careful research, doesn't quite measure up to his success in presenting La Guardia in New York City. The difficulty lies in the nature of the Washington period itself. It was then that La Guardia was so often the loud, challenging, but lonely voice. It was then, also, that he was experiencing a profound internal, and therefore hidden, development from his salutary exposure to the nation, to other Congressmen, and to a myriad of ideas and reforms that he would later distill in his more mature, disciplined Mayoralty.

Professor Mann never lets us forget La Guardia's dynamic, ambitious, free-wheeling personality which lost him friends and provoked mistakes but as surely brought him the personal adoration he craved and the following he needed to be politically successful. The author also skillfully measures him against the dominant figures of the period—Hoover, La Follette, and Franklin Roosevelt—as one of his many ways of putting La Guardia in perspective.

In short, Professor Mann has written an excellent first half that carefully lays the groundwork for the much-anticipated second volume of this needed biography.

Facts About the Presidents: A Compilation of Biographical and Historical Data. By Joseph Nathan Kane. (New York: The H. W. Wilson Company, 1959. x + 348 pages, illus., index. $6.00.)

Reviewed by Vincent P. Carosso, *Department of History, New York University.*

This compilation of basic facts on the lives and works of the thirty-three men who have occupied the Executive Office is far from a "dull fact book," a phrase Woodrow Wilson once used to describe one of his own works. Within these pages is to be found just about every significant detail one is likely to want to know about each President, including his ancestry, private life (family, wife, children), and public career (nomination, election, Cabinet officials, and party alignments in Congress during his term). Besides these statistical data, the author has included a brief statement of the more important events which occurred during each administration, as well as comparative data on the Executive Office itself. The book is divided into two parts: the first includes mostly biographical information; the second contains "Comparative Data" on the Presidents and their families, from some of the men's "known characteristics" at the time of their inaugurations to the "last words" they are

reputed to have spoken, plus the brief section of statistical and comparative data on the Executive Office.

There have been other similar compilations, such as Auburn S. Cunningham's *Everything You Want to Know About the Presidents* (rev. ed., 1934) and, though different in purpose but often similarly used, James Morgan's *Our Presidents* (2d. enl. ed., 1958). Neither one of these, however, contains such a miscellany of information as Kane's volume nor is as comprehensive.

Any compilation covering so many subjects and involving research in numerous and often conflicting sources is almost bound to contain some inaccuracies. Mr. Kane is to be congratulated for his accuracy and comprehensiveness. Everyone familiar with the history of the Presidency will recognize the many varied materials from which the author has gathered his facts. To list all of them would have required a book as large as this one. But since this work is aimed at the "specialist" as well as the "general reader," a brief bibliography of the more important sources would have been very useful.

Cranberry Lake 1845–1959: An Adirondack Miscellany. Edited by Albert Vann Fowler. (Blue Mountain Lake, New York: Adirondack Museum, 1959. 160 pages, title vignette, map. $3.50.)

Reviewed by Rachel Minick, *Bibliographer, NYHS.*

Cranberry Lake, as its summer visitors knew it, was a "made" lake, sometimes known as the "drowned lands." Its five original square miles were dammed up by act of the State legislature and water was let in in 1867; the water area lengthened, moved back into the creek valleys, and formed the mountain resort region which is depicted in this book. There was a utilitarian purpose: improvement of navigation on the east branch of the Oswegatchie River and development of hydraulic power for the towns on its banks. But the region of the lake retained its uncivilized character for many years; it was difficult to reach, and those who came there were inclined to stay. There were scenery, fishing, hunting, and exploring to be enjoyed by summer visitors and guides. The book, *Cranberry Lake 1845–1959*, edited by Albert Vann Fowler, Lois Dwight Cole, and Henry W. Bragdon, tells the story of the region as it was when it was hard to reach and more isolated.

It was the province of the summer visitor to the swank Indian Mountain House with its fleet of small boats and retinue of guides; it was the haunt of the fisherman and the explorer; it was the world of the guides who navigated by canoes in summer and by snowshoes in winter. There were often new faces: students and professors of the summer camp of the State University College of Forestry, and the lumbermen of the

Emporium Forestry Company, for instance; their activities, too, are part of the picture of Cranberry Lake of the past. This book mentions them all and brings back their vacation region in stories and articles by several contributors.

There are colorful short stories within stories—one of the man who inadvertently started a forest fire in a fit of revenge on bees which inhabited a mountain stump; there are the tall tales of the wildest, most improbable animals a guide could dream up for the credulous; there is the story of the burning of Indian Lodge and the boy who rescued an important-looking box, to find eventually that it contained only toothpicks; there is the poignant account of the death of a guide and its effect on the children who were his friends. Some few personalities reappear; it is especially interesting to see Willard Howland, the guide of picturesque speech and Mayflower ancestry, through the eyes of various narrators.

Some of the accounts are original in this book; some are republished from *Yearbooks* of the Adirondack Club and other publications; one is from the stenographic report of a trial; and one is an excerpt from a State document. There is considerable variety, the purpose being to present as many facets as possible of the many-sided aspects of Cranberry Lake.

Transportation to the lake has lost its spirit of adventure. It is easy to go there now by automobile on Route Three. The Grasse River Railroad has disappeared with the buckboard wagon which conveyed visitors to their destinations. There was more individuality to be found there in the days of more complicated travel, for people had to take time to become acquainted with their surroundings and with each other. Anyone who reads this book must capture some of the sense of adventure, isolation, and charm of this mountain lake of St. Lawrence County.

Bound in the same light-green cloth as Dorothy A. Plum's *Adirondack Bibliography* (reviewed in these pages, July 1959), and with a useful map as a frontispiece, this book will be a welcome addition to any collection of books on New York's mountains and waterways.

Constitutional Developments in New York 1777–1958: A Bibliography of Conventions and Constitutions with Selected References for Constitutional Research. Compiled by Ernest Henry Breuer. [New York State Library Bibliography Bulletin 82.] (Albany: The University of the State of New York, The State Education Department, 1958. 103 pages, frontis. $1.00 to individuals; free to N. Y. State libraries.)

Reviewed by Rachel Minick, *Bibliographer, NYHS.*

In 1957 the voters of New York failed to authorize a State Constitutional Convention for the purpose of simplifying and streamlining the

unwieldy Constitution adopted by the Convention of 1938 and since bogged down by numerous amendments. Problems of governmental reorganization remained, however. So Governor Harriman appointed a Special Legislative Committee on the Revision and Simplification of the Constitution; and to aid their work, the librarian of the State Law Library in Albany, Ernest Henry Breuer, compiled this bibliography of constitutional developments in New York beginning with the first State Constitution of 1777 to the present.

The first part is a checklist of all New York State Constitutional Convention material arranged chronologically and grouped in sections by convention or commission. Each of these sections is preceded by a succinct account of the particular convention or commission, the reasons for its having been called, and its principal contributions. These paragraphs, clear and concise, are in themselves excellent introductions to State constitutional history. The checklist entries within each section are arranged in a uniform sequence: Preliminary Publications; Miscellaneous Studies and Statements; Proceedings, Journals, Documents and Manuals; Texts, Engrossed; Texts, Printed; and Archival Material.

Surveys of this sort on documentary material, both manuscript and printed, are rare. Since this is the first time that the titles of all the New York State constitutional documents have been assembled, this compilation must be hailed as a valuable pioneer effort. Most of the documents listed are found in the State Library at Albany, which has nearly every publication in this category.

The second part comprises separate bibliographies of books, pamphlets, and articles on the subject background of (1) New York State Constitutions and Conventions, (2) other State constitutional conventions severally and in general, (3) constitutional and State history, (4) State government, and (5) selected general references on 33 such topics of prospective interest in any future reorganization of State government as civil defense, civil rights, civil service, conservation, etc. These topics reflect today's current problems. It would be difficult to find elsewhere good reading-lists on—to name but two—the legal aspects of "Loyalty and Security" or "Wiretapping." In individual entries, the conventions of author, title, publisher, place and date of publication, paging, and mention of important bibliographies, have been scrupulously adhered to. Location symbols, followed by call-numbers, guide the reader to the appropriate department of the State Library. In some cases, annotations clarify the pertinence of items to the appropriate sections of the bibliography. No index is provided, but this is of small consequence since the bibliography will be used principally by the subject-categories under which all entries are grouped and alphabetized.

There is no doubt that this will be a valuable publication in law libraries and in other institutions which use State documents. It will be valuable, too, as a guide to information on problems which confront legislators

today. It is a compact piece of work, complete in its presentation of New York's succession of Constitutions, and in its understanding of the problems which the framers or amenders of future State constitutions are going to face. Law Librarian Breuer has made a real contribution in the field of State constitutional documentation.

Philadelphia in the Romantic Age of Lithography: An illustrated history of early lithography in Philadelphia with a descriptive list of Philadelphia scenes made by Philadelphia lithographers before 1866. By NICHOLAS B. WAINWRIGHT. (Philadelphia: The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1958. [x] + 261 pages, 110 illus., index. $10.00.)

This beautiful 9- by 12-inch book, with its 110 excellent full-page lithographic illustrations of Philadelphia scenes as lithographed during 37 years beginning in 1828, shows concretely what this art could accomplish in its romantic heyday, lists the 480 presently known lithoprints of Philadelphia scenes from that period, and tells with vividness, accuracy, and in detail the history of lithography and its practitioners in Philadelphia during those formative and creative years. The book commands our unqualified admiration in every respect—as fine printing and illustration, as historical research and writing which breaks new and important ground, and as an indispensable reference work for Philadelphia iconography.

C. E. B.

Henry Hudson and the Dutch in New York. By MILTON W. HAMILTON. (Albany: The University of the State of New York, the State Education Department, 1959. 61 pages, illus., map. $0.25.)

This succinct account of Hudson's four voyages and the Dutch follow-through to 1664, with a liberal sprinkling of extracts from the original documents, does not pretend to add to prior knowledge, but to present a connected story accurately, palatably, and more fully than the textbooks. Teachers and others who would like to know more of the subject than they do will find their purpose here admirably fulfilled—and at little cost of reading time or money.

Some References for Genealogical Searching in New York State. By DOROTHY C. BARCK, Librarian, N. Y. State Hist. Assoc., and Editor, *New York History*. (Detroit: The Detroit Society for Genealogical Research, 1959. 22 pages. $1.00.)

As would be expected from the compiler, this is a very helpful, well-classified reference guide. It should prove useful to anyone working in the field.

BOOKS FOR SALE BY

The New-York Historical Society

(20% DISCOUNT TO MEMBERS AND LIBRARIANS ON ORDERS OF $25.00 OR MORE)

Thomas Jones, *History of New York during the Revolutionary War, and the Leading Events in the Other Colonies at That Period* (1879). 2 vols. totalling 1555 pp., illus., index, $15.00.

Donald A. Shelley, *Catalogue of American Portraits in The New-York Historical Society* (1941). viii+374 pp., 430 illus., indexes, $1.50.

William Sawitzky, *Matthew Pratt, 1734–1805: A Study of His Work* (1942). x+103 pp., 43 plates, index, $5.00.

Harold E. Dickson, *John Wesley Jarvis, American Painter, 1780–1840, With a Checklist of His Works* (1949). xx+476 pp., 105 illus., index, $10.00.

Calver & Bolton, *History Written with Pick and Shovel: Military Buttons, Belt-Plates, Badges, and Other Relics Excavated from Colonial, Revolutionary, and War of 1812 Camp Sites by the Field Exploration Committee of The New-York Historical Society* (1950). xiv+320 pp., 218 illus., index, $3.50.

Mary Bartlett Cowdrey, *National Academy of Design Exhibition Record 1826–1860* (1943). 2 vols. totalling 680 pp., index, $6.00.

Mary Bartlett Cowdrey, *American Academy of Fine Arts and American Art-Union 1816–1852*, with a history of the Academy by Theodore Sizer, of the Art-Union by Charles E. Baker, and a Foreword by James Thomas Flexner (1953). I: *Introduction*, xiv+311 pp., illus.; II: *Exhibition Record*, 504 pp., frontis., index; 2 vols., $7.50.

Rita Susswein Gottesman, *The Arts and Crafts in New York 1726–1776* (1938). xviii+450 pp., index, $3.00.

Same, *1777–1799* (1954). xix+484 pp., illus., index, $4.00.

R.W.G. Vail, *Knickerbocker Birthday: A Sesqui-Centennial History of The New-York Historical Society 1804–1954* (1954). xix+547 pp., 180 illus., index, $6.00.

Theodore Bolton and Irwin F. Cortelyou, *Ezra Ames of Albany: Portrait Painter, Craftsman, Royal Arch Mason, Banker, 1768–1836; And a Catalogue of His Works* (1955). xx+398 pp., 120 illus., index, $4.95.

Philip L. White, *The Beekmans of New York in Politics and Commerce 1647–1877* with an Introduction by Dr. Fenwick Beekman (1956). xxxi+705 pp., 57 illus., index, $10.00.

Philip L. White, ed., *The Beekman Mercantile Papers 1746–1799* (1956). 1485 pp. in three vols., $25.00.

George C. Groce and David H. Wallace, *The New-York Historical Society's Dictionary of Artists in America 1564–1860* (1957). xxvii+759 pp., $15.00.

Ruel P. Tolman, *The Life and Works of Edward Greene Malbone 1777–1807* (1958). xxiii+322 pp., 226 illus. (2 in color), biblio., index, $12.50.